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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

CHAPTER IV.

First year among the Flatheads.—St. Mary's Mission.

Aug. 15, 1841. On the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, towards sunset, during the finest weather imaginable, and when all our party were in excellent health and spirits, we arrived at Fort Hall, where we were welcomed as friends by Captain Hermelinger. Although a Protestant, this worthy Scotchman overwhelmed us with favors, and promised to recommend us to all the forts and trading-posts of his Company. We found Father De Smet here, who had arrived the day before: he was full of joy, for he was able to present to us the advance guard of our prospective neophytes. A meeting under happier auspices would be impossible, and on both sides it was marked with deepfelt manifestations of gladness. The Flatheads were very quiet and somewhat undemonstrative in manner, but from the affectionate way in which they grasped our hands, it was easy to perceive that their hearts were satisfied. How much they had done to obtain the Black Robes! How many repeated supplications, journeys and sacrifices! They beheld us at last, and with us they saw

those succors for which they had been hoping, and being unable to express their sentiments over their good fortune, they kept silent: but their silence assuredly did not arise from want of feeling or intelligence. The Flatheads think and feel deeply, and those before us were their chosen men. "I am only an ignorant and sinful man," said the chief of the deputation, "but with all my heart I thank the Great Spirit for what he has done for me; I wish no longer to live, except for prayer, and I shall pray until my death." They told us that after the departure of Fr. De Smet, the Flatheads never ceased praying for his happy return; that all their brethren still persevered in their good dispositions; that the greater number of them knew by heart the prayers that had been taught them; that regularly twice a day, and three times every Sunday, the whole tribe met to recite the prayers in common; that five or six baptized children had gone to heaven; that a young girl of twelve years, seeing herself to be at the point of death, had asked for Baptism, and Peter, the Iroquois, had baptized her under the name of Mary; and when she was about to die, she exclaimed: "How beautiful it is: I see Mary, my Mother!"

August 18. Setting out from Fort Hall under the guidance of our best friends, the first step came nigh proving fatal to us; but thanks be to God, it only gave us a new proof of their devotion towards us. At the passage of the Snake River, which is a very rapid stream, one of our Brothers having lost the control over his mules, the whole team was swept into a place where the water was over their heads. It was all over with the driver, had not our gallant Flatheads immediately flung themselves into the water, and although they managed to keep the novel gondola afloat, yet in spite of all their efforts, three of the mules were drowned, and one of the Brothers, who to avoid the same fate had crept to the back of the wagon, would have also perished, had not our hunter, at the peril of his life, enabled him to escape by backing up his horse to the rear of the wagon. In his efforts to save the baggage, which contained all the treasures of our chapel, this brave man who was the most

powerful swimmer in the party, labored so strenuously that on reaching the bank, he fell from exhaustion. Luckily, everything was in safety, when his strength gave out. It chanced that on this day, through some unforeseen causes of embarrassment, we had, contrary to our custom, set off without having recited the itinerarium. After such a lesson, we never again failed on this point.

A few days after this, some Indians were perceived at a short distance, and the cry was raised: "Blackfeet! Blackfeet!" Five of the Flatheads, as soon as the alarm was given, seized their arms, and mounting their horses proceeded at full speed to reconnoitre the enemy. After an hour's time they reappeared at the head of a dozen Indians, who were fully armed for the warpath. They were not Blackfeet, but the party was composed of men, who were perhaps still more to be dreaded, seeing that but a short time before they had violated the rites of hospitality in regard to nine Flatheads, who had escaped being massacred only by defending themselves against the attack of a whole village. On that occasion the brother of the chief had been killed by the Flathead chief, Michael, and Michael was now brought face to face with the leader in the treacherous assault. But this was not the time to call him to account for his conduct. The Bannocks were received in a friendly way; but, nevertheless, the Flatheads refused to smoke with them. Two or three days afterwards, their whole camp, of which these were a scouting party, joined us. We profited by this circumstance, as in duty bound, to let them see that the spirit of revenge is alien to the character of the true religion.

On the second Sunday after the Assumption, when the Church celebrates the festival of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, our little pioneer party consecrated itself to that pure, compassionate and generous Heart, which had already been a source of grace to its members, and which will become for the whole tribe a source more abundant still of benediction and consolation. The eve of this day was remarkable for the great quantity of fish which we caught with a line in

a little stream flowing by the gospel-side of the chapel. In less than an hour we landed more than a hundred, and it was a neat performance—true, however improbable it may appear,—to catch two fish at a time on one hook. It seemed like a prognostic of what was shortly going to happen. One must travel for a long time in the wilderness, in the midst of privations and dangers to understand the joy that fills the missionary's heart at the least sign which can be referred to his ministry.

August 30. After having wound our way through a long gorge of the mountains, we emerged upon a great plain, on the western edge of which the Flathead camp was pitched. As we drew nigh to it, messengers in quick succession came out to meet us. One of them, who was, distinguished from the others by a broad red scarf, resembled in some sort a marshal of France. He is one of the finest looking warriors of the Rocky Mountains. As a proof of his regard for the Superior of the Mission, he had sent forward his best horse, with a prohibition for any one to mount him, until he had been delivered up. Shortly after this, we perceived a very tall Indian riding towards us at full speed, and all began to cry out: "Paul! Paul!" It was, in truth, Paul, who had received Baptism the preceding year; it was thought that he was absent, but he was actually in command of the camp, for by a special providence he had just arrived in order to have the pleasure of presenting to his people those who were going to devote themselves to their welfare. Towards sunset, Fr. De Smet and his companions were in the midst of their neophytes; children, young men, the aged, mothers carrying their little infants, all vied with one another in pressing forward to shake our hands. It was as if they had but one heart and one soul. As the sun was about to sink, the scene was most touching and almost magical. Only a mother can understand what is meant by the return of a long absent son. She may in some manner enter into the feelings of the Missionary, who for the first time finds himself surrounded by a numerous family, which he has never seen before, and which nevertheless, is already entirely devoted to him.

September. It was necessary before winter set in, to select a place for the future reduction, to prepare such shelter as was indispensable, and, finally, according to the universal desire, to construct a house of prayer. There was, then, no time to spare. Consequently, we left the hunting camp, where all were busily occupied in gathering supplies of provisions, and continued our journey under the guidance of the small party, which had been acting as our escort.

September 24. We passed through the gorge, which has been called Hell-Gate, and entered upon a plain, bordered upon the North by the territory of the Pend'Oreilles, and on the West by that of the Cœurs d'Alêne. Not finding here that which we were in search of, we went up again through a pass trending southward. It was quite narrow at first, but constantly grew wider until we had marched a full day's journey; it was already the evening of the third day, and there seemed to be no brighter prospects of success than during the preceding days, when suddenly, as we reached the foot of the highest mountain in these districts, we were agreeably surprised at sight of the rich vegetation unfolded before us. This fertility was due to two streams flowing from South to North, and the broad valley, which was guarded by a mountain range against the incursions of the Blackfeet from the South, was also defended against the rigors of Northern winds by another chain of mountains covered at the base with forests which would furnish firewood and the timber needed for building purposes. Between these two ranges of mountains flowed the river of the Flatheads, called the *Bitter Root.* It was the unanimous opinion that no better situation could be discovered. We encamped, with the intention of laying the foundations of our future reduction here. We began by erecting a large cross. I shall always remember the good old Simon, who, notwithstanding his weight of years, had come as far as Fort Hall to meet us. Whilst our men were hewing the wood for the cross, he was seated upon a log, obliged to lean upon a staff in order to support his body, for he was very much tired by the last day's march, but his eyes never wandered

from the Tree which has saved the world, and which was soon to open for him the way to his true country. The mere sight plainly told to what his heart was fixed. He was, I believe, the first to be laid to rest beneath the shadow of that cross, having given promise, during the short time that he survived, after our entrance into this region, that his life would be an example to all by the virtues of a fervent Christian.

What name should be given to the first Mission of the Rocky Mountains? We called to mind that the principal events in our long expedition had generally coincided with some festival of our Blessed Lady: the remembrance was like an inspiration, and all exclaimed: "We will call it *St. Mary's.*" We shall see that our Holy Mother was not insensible to this spontaneous outburst of gratitude. May the remembrance of her favors live forever in the hearts of her new children.

When the hunters returned from the summer hunt, the mission cross was standing, and their chapel was just beginning to rise above the ground. At sight of these works which had all the charm of novelty for the Indians, and which promised so much for the future, universal gladness was spread throughout the camp, and all gave their highest approval to everything, especially to the site which had been chosen. They called to mind a prediction which had been made some months before by a young child, who had since gone to heaven with her baptismal innocence unstained. Peter, the Iroquois, was the first to remark it. "You remember," said he to the bystanders, "you remember what little Mary said when she was about to die?" "We remember it perfectly," they said.

Although still quite young, this girl, during Father De Smet's first visit to the Rocky Mountains, had heard enough about our holy religion to experience the desire of Baptism before dying. Having fallen sick, and knowing that her end was nigh, she sent for Peter, the Iroquois, and said to him: "I am about to die, and I wish to be baptized." After some questions and instructions, Peter complied with her

request, and gave her the Queen of Heaven as patroness. Believing firmly as she did, that death was going to open for her the gates of heaven, she was so far from dreading its approach, that, on the contrary, she rejoiced, praying and singing with such fervor that her voice rang out above all the others. Finally, like one rapt in ecstasy, she exclaimed: "Mary! O how beautiful! I see Mary." Some time afterwards, she added: "I come back, and it is to tell you that those whom you are expecting are the true blackgowns: you must listen to what they tell you." Then pointing out the spot where to-day the cross is erected, she declared that the house of prayer would one day be built there; after which she expired.

The enemy of God and of men saw with displeasure the approach of so glorious a day, and God permitted him to subject us to trials. I shall merely mention these trials. The men whose assistance was most needed under the circumstances, the interpreter, the prefect of the church and the sacristan, fell sick. On the very eve of the festival, a hurricane discharged all its fury upon the neighboring district, and even upon the house of prayer; the windows of the church were driven in, three lodges were whirled about at the sport of the wind, large trees were uprooted,—but thanks to God and to the fervor of these new children of the faith, nothing could hinder their little sanctuary from being decked out in its best, and the time which to all appearances should have caused it to mourn was converted into an occasion of glorification. On the third of December, Feast of St. Francis Xavier, a day selected by their piety, two hundred and two catechumens were assembled within the body of the church to receive holy Baptism. They had been sufficiently instructed, they could give intelligent answers to all the questions of the priest. Never shall I forget their ringing responses. The time for dinner excepted, the ceremony lasted from six o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, and it was remarked that the Head Chief, who had been baptized two years before, and who was almost ninety years of age, was present from beginning to end. More re-

markable still was the apparition of St. Francis Xavier to a catechumen, named Michael, belonging to the tribe of the Crees, an event narrated by himself with such simplicity, that it would be impossible to suspect the least deceit. The personage whom he saw, according to his narration, was standing erect, lifted above the ground to the height of the altar, on the epistle side, wearing a surplice and stole over the soutane, and he had upon his head a cap resembling that of the Fathers.

Christmas—Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Little Paul. This little Flathead had barely passed beyond the age of early childhood; in beauty, mildness and piety he was angelic; he was very desirous of Baptism, but his memory was so treacherous that in spite of his hardest efforts, it had been impossible for him to learn what was absolutely necessary in order to be made a sharer in that blessing; and now the second solemn administration of the sacrament was to take place on the morrow—Christmas Day. The pious child said to himself: "I shall go and find John; perhaps he may be able to teach me what I have to know." He departs, and enters John's lodge, from which he issues after a few minutes, and with a thorough knowledge of all the prayers. It was not John, nor his brother, nor his mother who was better instructed than either, who had taught him, but a teacher far surpassing all earthly instructors. It was the Queen of Heaven herself! This is the recital of the child, given by him several times, and with never a contradiction. "At the moment of my entrance into John's lodge, I saw above the fire, a very beautiful person. I cannot tell whether it was a man or a woman, for the dress was such as I had never seen before. Beneath the feet there was a serpent, and beside the serpent a fruit which I do not know, and around the figure shone a bright light. It looked kindly at me, and at the time my mind was clear, my heart was warm, and I do not know how it all happened, but I knew all my prayers, and after that the person disappeared. She also told me that she was pleased because the village had been named St. Mary's." In proof of his veracity, he recit-

ed all the prayers with the greatest ease upon coming back to the tent of his parents. It is needless to mention that on Christmas Day he was admitted to Baptism without any difficulty, and took the name of Paul.

Edifying death of Peter, the first Head Chief of the Flatheads who was baptized. His death was truly like the close of a beautiful day. For even whilst he was still walking in the darkness of idolatry, he never knowingly acted against what he thought to be right. On the day of his Baptism, he could say: "When I did wrong it was through error." And when this man, who had been so upright through all the vicissitudes of his former life, had reached the end of his glorious career, and was invited to confess the sins that he had committed after Baptism, he answered with a sort of amazement: "Sins after Baptism! How could I be guilty of any, I, who every day warn all my children to abstain from them." He received the Holy Viaticum in the full possession of his faculties, and with the most edifying dispositions. At his own request, he was buried enfolded in the prayer-flag, that is, the flag that was hoisted on Sundays to announce the day of the Lord. His mortal remains were interred at the foot of the great cross erected on the day when the land of the Flatheads was taken possession of in the name of the Saviour of men. And beside his grave thus protected were laid to rest, during the first months which followed, five or six other members of the tribe, who at different ages were taken away by death.

December 29.—The Winter Hunt. According to custom, although the preparation is active from the evening before, yet the actual departure does not begin until the afternoon. They go off in small squads. As the great hunt lasts for a long time those engaged in it take along with them everything that they possess. As a general rule, each lodge includes seven or eight persons, and these together with the provisions already made, or in prospect, necessitate the employment of about twenty horses. Between two chains of mountains, which sometimes approach as if to give you a

nearer view of the grandest sight in the wilderness, and then diverge widely to open up one after another far-off scenes of varied beauty, wind fifty tracks or more formed by the dragging of the tent-poles. This is what is called the Broad Trail of the hunters. The present hunt coming immediately after the greater part of the tribe had received Baptism was distinguished from all others by a spirit of piety. From the very first evening, the chiefs, assembled for prayer, requested that during the expedition the same practices should be observed as at St. Mary's. Consequently, it was proclaimed, that all should meet for prayer twice a day, and that after prayer there should be an instruction, preceded and followed by singing; that at daybreak, before setting out to hunt, and at night before betaking themselves to rest, each family should say the Hail Mary three times, etc.; that finally, the Sundays and festivals should be observed and celebrated to the best of their power. No mention was made of prayers of supererogation, which each one could multiply and prolong according to his fervor.

The Great Buffalo Hunt presents a thousand thrilling scenes, nor are comical incidents wanting: but it will be described elsewhere.

Notes from Diary. Jan. 6, 1842. Eighteen Baptisms.—Feast of the Holy Name. Two catechism classes established.—Jan. 31. Great Hunt.—Purification, Feb. 2. Fifteen Baptisms.—Feb. 16. Friendly visit of twelve Blackfeet.—March 6. Organization of new catechism classes; preparation for Baptism.—March 12. Fifteen adults baptized; visit of the Pend'Oreilles.—Holy Thursday. Nine more Baptisms.—Holy Saturday. Four Baptisms: Eighty Baptisms in all. Good dispositions of the Pend'Oreille Indians of Grand Lake.—Easter. Return to St. Mary's. Recitation of the beads in use. Living Rosary established.

The nomadic life of our new children is not without attraction, but it is so full of peril, because made into hostile territory; so full of embarrassment, because of the aged and the children who have to be transported from one place to another, whenever the camping ground is changed; and so

full of occasions dangerous to virtue, on account of more frequent intercourse with strangers, and the rapid transitions from scarcity to plenty; that our earliest care was to instil into them little by little a love for fixed habitations. This could be accomplished only by substituting the fruits of agriculture for the profits of the chase, and the innocent pleasures of the fireside for the varied excitement of the hunter's roving life, and above all by introducing the pomp of religious ceremonies. Thus the building of the chapel was our first thought; then we applied ourselves to the cultivation of the land. From the first spring, every kind of useful seed was sown, and the foundation was laid of whatever would further our views. The first grand solemnity had been the sweet festival of Christmas, just before the departure for the Great Hunt; the first after our return was that of Easter. The Winter Hunt with its hardships had lasted three months. Whilst the hunters were busy laying in supplies of meat, the workmen of the mission assisted by our Brothers had caused the rudiments of a plantation, and even of a village, to spring from the ground. They had, in accordance with the custom observed in places exposed to hostile incursions, surrounded the whole with a strong stockade. It is easy to imagine the joy felt by each one at the first general reunion in the chapel on the eve of Easter to sing the *Regina Cœli*.

Easter had come, and there was a great duty to be accomplished, but it was rendered pleasant by the good dispositions of our neophytes. They were to be prepared for their First Communion: with the exception of those who had died at St. Mary's during the winter, none of the Flatheads had approached the Holy Table. None of them had even been to confession in the interval since their Baptism. All, therefore, were to be prepared for the reception of these two Sacraments; consequently, another course of instructions was given, and the good conduct and fervor which had characterized their preparation for Baptism were renewed, until the day which was truly for them, as it has often been called, *the most beautiful day of their life*.

First month of Mary among the Flatheads. It can be said that if the observance of the Month of Mary was lacking somewhat in splendor, yet the edification was as great as in the most devout parishes of Europe: if in the singing of hymns the voices were not always in harmony, it can be said that there was but one heart and one soul amongst all those who assembled three times a day in the chapel. At the end of the month, a little wooden statue, made by one of the missionaries, was borne in triumphal procession of the whole tribe to the spot where the apparition of their patroness had taken place, as already narrated. It is needless to say that after the statue of Our Lady, the principal personage on whom the eyes of the multitude were fixed, was he to whom Mary herself had deigned to appear. Since the erection of the little monument, there has been established, under the title of *Our Lady of Prayer*, a sort of pilgrimage and shrine, and no one passes along the road which leads by it without reciting a Hail Mary, and every day after the evening prayers all kneel to repeat three times the Angelical Salutation.

First Communion among the Flatheads. During the Winter Hunt, occupied as we were constantly in preparing for Baptism the fractions of stranger tribes which had followed us with the desire of sharing in the happiness of the Flatheads, it had been impossible to prepare our new Christians sufficiently for the sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist. Upon our return to St. Mary's, the occasion being most favorable, inasmuch as supplies of meat had been gathered which would hold out until the Summer Hunt beginning only in July, all devoted themselves with so much the more ardor to the duty of preparation as the precept of Paschal Communion urged those who had received Baptism. But the grace of Baptism had been bestowed upon them in such abundance, that their present labor was real pleasure. The full submission of mind and heart to the new mysteries which were proposed for their belief, and to their practical consequences, cost them but little trouble: when asked if they believed with all their heart

such or such a truth, their invariable reply was: "Yes, Father, we believe that firmly." When the subject of confession was proposed, many of them were of opinion that it should be public. The day of Pentecost (1842) was the most beautiful that had shone upon the village of St. Mary's, since on that day its principal inhabitants received for the first time the Bread of Angels. The most striking incident, apart from the actual reception of Holy Communion, was perhaps that in which the missionaries came to meet them, in full choir dress, preceded by the cross, and with everything that could help to add dignity to the pious ceremony. You should have seen them gathered together to proceed towards the church: the religious silence, the profound recollection, the solemn march could not fail to excite the deepest emotion.

First Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.—On the feast of Corpus Christi, we could not have the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as we had no ostensorium, but this obstacle having been removed by the industry of a missionary, on the festival of the Sacred Heart, we had the procession, and, notwithstanding our povery, it was conducted on a magnificent scale, in harmony at least with the genius of the savage, which one of our great writers has so justly described as simple and pompous. A repository profusely decked with flowers was prepared at the spot where the monument was erected to commemorate the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and there under the eyes of their august patroness the people received for the first time the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—a happiness enjoyed by them every Sunday since that date. The practices of the devotion to the Sacred Heart are already known to several of the people: to propagate this devotion still more widely, as also the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, we have laid the foundations of four sodalities, for the married and unmarried of either sex, which have already inscribed upon their lists the names of all those who are best in their respective states. The great chief of the nation is prefect of the association of the Sacred Heart, his wife holds the

same office in the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, and the children of the chief are at the head of the other two. All were elected to their offices by a plurality of votes, and to show that merit alone was the standard and motive of each choice, it will suffice to mention that the head of the men's sodality was by the sole fact of his election to that dignity, elevated also to the dignity of Head Chief to replace him who had died during the preceding winter. Would that every election amongst civilized people were conducted in the same spirit.

First Summer Hunt among the Flatheads.—The first desire expressed by the Flatheads after the Baptisms administered during the winter was to have one of the three missionaries accompany them to the hunt which followed after a large proportion of the tribe had received the sacrament of regeneration. After all that had been done with so much edification since their return to St. Mary's, it was impossible to act otherwise now, and the same missionary was appointed to accompany them again. As his poor horse had been taxed beyond its strength, he had left it to die in the land of the Blackfeet, and a better animal was now placed at his disposal. We were getting ready to set out on the Summer Hunt, when a deputation of Blackfeet Indians presented itself to the owner of the horse that had been abandoned, and wonderful to relate, since it is probably the first case of restitution made by the Blackfeet, they offered in the name of their chief to restore the horse gratuitously, on the sole condition that the owner should go to their camp, which was not far off, and take him away. But as our departure was fixed for the morrow, he was too busy, and could not afford the time to visit their camp. The horse, however, was after some time brought back to St. Mary's; and when he caught sight of his master, the poor animal came towards him galloping and curveting, as who should say, we are glad to see one another once more: after that, who will dare to say that animals are mere machines? The Summer Hunt partook more of the character of a pious pilgrimage than of an ordinary hunt, and it can be said to

have been most remarkable under every respect, as will be detailed in another place. In regard to piety, the numerous Communions of every Sunday ought to occupy the first place. The feast of St. Ignatius was marked by all the chiefs and the most distinguished warriors being the first to present themselves at the Holy Table. At the end of the hunt, an old squaw was the only one of the party who had not gone to confession: but, doubtless, in order to give a warning, Heaven permitted her horse should go plunging headlong down a steep hill, and being flung, her leg was broken, at the distance of a few steps from the priest. This opened her eyes to the fault that she had committed, and on the spot she wished to go to confession. The last day of the hunt, after eleven hours of marching through the mountains, the confessional was frequented through the greater portion of the night, and next day there was a general communion.

CHAPTER V.

Mission to the Cœurs d'Alêne.

Towards the end of October, 1842, Father Point set out from St. Mary's for the mission of the Cœurs d'Alêne, in the company of three chiefs and some others of that tribe. Having reached the plain which is called Hell Gate, he sent off some messengers to the distance of one day's journey from there in order to obtain domestic animals for the new mission. In the interval, he baptized an adult half-breed woman, who had been instructed by Louis, a Canadian. This young man having shown a desire to join us, the missionary engaged him at a trifling cost, because in addition to a certain zeal for religion, he was not devoid of the knowledge befitting a farmer. With this reenforcement, and a half-breed interpreter versed in the Flathead and Nez Percé languages, the little expedition hopefully penetrated the gloomy pass which separated us from our future destination. During ten days it crept along, now through

dense forests, now around huge rocks, and now again in the very bed of a stream so winding that one day in less than eight hours, we were obliged to cross it forty-four times.

After much stumbling of our horses, and upsetting of the baggage, and after many a grave accident had been avoided by the protection of Heaven, the little company at length reached the land of the Cœurs d'Alêne, on Friday, November the 4th. Since the first Friday of each month is set apart in a special manner to honor the Sacred Heart, and since the mission we had come to found had been already placed under Its powerful protection, it scarcely need be said, that our first duty on dismounting was to kneel down along with all those who had come to meet us, in order to renew this consecration. To see these poor neophytes mingling their overflowing feelings with the voices of those who came to aid them, one would have said that the presence of their Divine Protector was even then sensibly revealed to them.

What wretched misery existed amongst these poor people! Some miserable huts thatched with straw, or constructed of bark were surrounded with piles of the bones of animals and fish, and filth of every description; inside there were bundles of roots flung in a corner, skins hanging from a pole, fish smoking above the fireplace. And the occupants! squalid faces, unkempt hair, hands doing duty for comb, handkerchief, knife, fork and spoon; in feeding, repulsive sounds were emitted from the mouth, nose and windpipe. This external misery feebled imaged forth the pitiable state of their souls. For at this date there still reigned amongst this benighted people idolatry so debasing that they paid divine honors even to the vilest animals, a moral abandonment which knew no check save caprice, a passion for gambling so absorbing that it trenched even upon their time for sleep, unmitigated sloth which nothing but the pangs of hunger could make them shake off, and finally an habitual inclination to cheating, gluttony and every mean vice: these are a portion of the spiritual miseries in

which the Cœurs d'Alêne had been immersed until our coming. Happily, beneath all these, there was felt an undefinable yearning towards some superior power, and this had always helped them to lend a willing ear to the least word that could give them any information in regard to Him.

What was to be done? The soil around their wretched hovels was unsurpassed in fertility; it required but a trifling labor to make it produce a hundred fold. It was, therefore, no great difficulty to assign the true cause that lay at the bottom of all their misery. The remedy was be found in instructing them, in inspiring them with a taste for industrious labor, by aiding, encouraging and rewarding their efforts so far as our means allowed, and to attain this end their scattered families must be gathered into one place. In other words, we must found what our ancient Fathers called a reduction. This was the consummation to which all our endeavors were to be directed.

It was a hard task to bring together a people that were occupying twenty-seven different localities, to make reason triumph over the instinct of native place so powerful among savages, to instil a love of labor where idleness was inveterate, to satisfy insatiable appetites, and to extinguish the jealousies that were rife among the bands. Add to these obstacles, the redoubled efforts of the infernal powers to prevent the union, and it will seem as if the project were hopeless. Nevertheless, the chiefs could not fail to see clearly that all their interests depended upon the adoption of this plan, and they agreed upon this preliminary point, that without partiality towards any person, the preference should be given in selecting a site to that place which combined most advantages for the whole nation at large. There were only five places which could lay any claims to be chosen. In the first of these, all the conditions of wood, soil and water necessary for the purposes of a reduction were fulfilled, but on account of the spring floods, it was unsafe to build there. The second place spoken of possessed

gently sloping hills, fertile valleys and a broad field. The two extremities of the plain were bounded by two lakes, the resort of numerous wild fowl; a hill facing towards the South offered a fine position for a village. This, it should seem, held forth every inducement to be selected. But there was only one position suitable for building purposes, and that was deficient in springs and good lands, and besides it was too far away from the river. Nevertheless, no conclusion having yet been reached, and the joy manifested at our first meeting appearing to the old chief as a happy augury, he gave us a hearty welcome, and, although the sun was on the point of setting, he issued immediate orders to two Indians to go in search of the chiefs of Grand Lake.

Whilst waiting for these to comply with the invitation, we went to inspect the country of a fourth chief, since called Gabriel, situated at the distance of nine or ten miles from the place where we then were, and separated from the last mentioned district by mountain ranges communicating with each other only by paths so rugged and winding, that at first it appeared to have no chance of being selected in preference to the other places. But when we reached the point where it unfolds all its beauties and advantages, we were most agreeably surprised. Let one imagine, towards the South, a horizon of mountains whose lowest peaks touch the clouds; towards the East, a wide-extended landscape whose tints melted away into the azure of the skies; towards the West, beautiful stretches of water which disappear through dark gorges, and beneath our eyes a river with high banks forming a peninsula large enough to serve for the establishment of a plantation. Between this river and the lofty ground on which we stood, perpendicular rocks forming a grotto carpeted with verdure, clumps of pines growing straight upward, broken blocks of stone of every shape, and, finally, below these rugged beauties, a copious spring lending to the productions of the soil an air of freshness which is ordinarily witnessed only along the water courses; in the nearest environs all the woods suited for burning and building purposes; sugar maples, a quarry of white clay which

could supply for lime and whiting—all unanimously acknowledged that nothing could be better adapted to our purposes, and this decision gave us so much the more pleasure as it coincided with the judgment pronounced upon it by Fr. De Smet.

The good old chief, Ignatius, on learning our decision, was so depressed, that he was in danger of losing his mind. "What!" he cried, bursting into tears, "I who am upon the verge of the grave was in hopes that the word of God would rest upon my lands, and now it withdraws from them." Thereupon, he redoubled his lamentations, followed by heart-rending shrieks. But as the greater common good demanded that we should stand by the resolution which had been taken, we employed every effort to console him, and succeeded in making him see that the close proximity of the site selected would render it easy for him to reach it without much difficulty.

The pretended head chief of Grand Lake arrived. I call him *pretended*, for in truth he was only a chief for the occasion, not to say a fraudulent fellow. He was called *Stellam*, i. e. 'Thunder,' presumably on account of the extraordinary lung-power he displayed in his harangues. For more than one reason he was jealous of the chief whose land we had lately visited, but especially his exemplary conduct was a lively reproach to his own disorderly way of life. He was accompanied by another Indian named Montesatlem, 'The Mountain Bull,' who, notwithstanding his name, had a countenance sufficiently prepossessing, and a very conciliatory disposition, but his actions were completely under the influence of Stellam. Thus prejudiced, it was to be expected that they should look with an evil eye upon the choice that had been made: but as they could not gainsay the justice of the reasons upon which it had been based, they remained satisfied with the promise that we should go and spend the winter with them, binding themselves at the same time to join us, if we persisted in our choice. We subscribed the more readily to this arrangement, because the land of Gabriel could not just at present furnish the means of subsistence to all. But before

their departure, we could easily perceive that sincerity was not in any high degree to be numbered amongst their virtues, and what confirmed us in this thought was that Stellam had not been ashamed to hint that to deserve his protection it was necessary that he should be appointed the distributing agent of all the powder and tobacco that we had, claiming that a positive promise to this effect had been made to him by Fr. De Smet, at the time of his visit to the Spokanes. But to understand more clearly what sort of a man we had to deal with in the person of this chief, it will be necessary to go back to an earlier period.

A dozen years or so before this date, the Cœurs d'Alêne had only some very hazy notions concerning the Deity, a future state, the existence of the soul, etc. Their ideas of wrong did not comprehend much more than theft, deceit, and quarrels among themselves, and these crude notions of morality had force among them, because they had been handed down from their forefathers. Now about that time a Spokane Indian, having had some intercourse with the Protestants of Red River, returned to his own people with some rudimentary ideas of religion, mixed, it is true, with many errors, but yet novel enough to pique their curiosity.

A Cœur d'Alêne Indian having listened to the traveler's story spoke about it to his countrymen, and the news spreading quickly from neighbor to neighbor, a great number of Cœurs d'Alêne, being curious to learn what should be believed on the subject from the lips of him who had been its echo, met together for that purpose in the country of Temisposomen. Stellam came there also, less through any desire of enlarging his religious knowledge than to assume the role of objector. He carried his opposition beyond the mere limits of contradiction, for during the course of the meeting he insulted the narrator, saying: "It well becomes you, young man, to pretend to teach us." Before separating from the others, he painted his body with grotesque figures, and went off in such a manner as to leave them all under the impression that he had cast a spell over the assembly. Whatever may be thought of such a belief, it happened that no sooner had he gone away than an epi-

demic broke out which carried off many of the people. This method of acting goes to prove what has been said of the proud and haughty character of our chief. But Divine Mercy knows how to draw good from evil. "I have heard this (it is the missionary who narrates it), from the lips of a good old man, who came nigh falling a victim to the plague. Whilst I was in a swoon, said he to me, I perceived a light streaming down from the sky, and a globe of blue color which descended towards me, and at the same time I heard a voice that said: 'Tell your brethren that their prayer is bad; that henceforth they must place their confidence in Him alone who created the world, and in Jesus Christ, his Son, who redeemed it. Cast down the idols on the mountain which projects into the lake; address your supplications to Jesus Christ; have faith and the pestilence will cease.'"

It may possibly be that all this was the effect of a disordered imagination still vividly excited by the news of the day before: and this explanation is rendered more probable from the fact that the sick man was in a delirious state. But when the vision had passed away, it is most certain, that scarcely had the dying man obeyed the voice that he had heard, before his health was restored, he arose in his full strength, and going through the sick camp, he reported what had happened to him, and persuaded all of them to do as he had done, and all having imitated his example were in the same manner restored to health.

The upright character of this good old man and the pious gratitude which made him shed tears whenever he mentioned the occurrence, do not permit any suspicion to be thrown upon that portion of the affair, of which he was the only witness. The other circumstances are attested by such a multitude of witnesses still living, that no man of good faith can withhold his belief in regard to them. Furthermore, it is incontestable, that from that date all superstitious observances ceased, and they would probably have been forever done away with, had not the miserable Stellam re-established their credit, in consequence of a meeting of the Medicine Men.

THE DEDICATION OF

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, N. Y.

If any of the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS had peeped into our new church in New York seven days prior to its dedication, he would have been tempted to protest:—"how in the world can all be got ready by Sunday next!" In fact, a great many onlookers not only said this again and again, but kept on repeating it in the most tantalizing way. One great anxiety among others was the completion of the pews. A whole set of pews had already ascended to heaven as a fiery holocaust in the Indiana factory where they had been constructed. New ones had consequently to be manufactured. For fully six months every member of the community had conscientiously discussed the pews twice every day. "Have the pews come?" was asked with persistent regularity by everybody every morning, and the laconic reply:—"No! but they're on the way," was so invariable, that nobody any longer believed it; venerable Fathers laughed, but of course in their sleeves, and even those models of mild propriety — our estimable scholastics — were beginning to exhibit slight symptoms of cynicism. At last—to the confusion of all skeptics, a cart load of the constituent factors of pews arrived from Richmond and kept on arriving by intermittent instalment. Ends without backs—backs without props—then more backs than ends—next more ends than seats, and even this not without a great deal of the electric battery on the part of exasperated superiors. As you may believe, everybody had pews on the brain. In spite of all, however, the church was decently in order for the consecration of the five beautiful marble altars on Friday morning, December the first.

The ceremony was a long one, lasting some five hours, and the devout congregation had a patient opportunity of

drinking in edification by admiring the unwavering meek and reverent deportment of our saintly archbishop. The peace of God which reigns in his soul overflows itself in a demeanor most Christ-like and gentle—it does a man good even to look upon Archbishop Corrigan.

Early on Saturday evening all the arrangements were well completed. True, the perverse pews were not all there, but this was a real advantage in its way, because it afforded more standing-room than would otherwise have been available. Loving hearts stole in again and again on that last night to feast their eyes on that most contenting sight. Everything seemed to be reposing in quiet radiant loveliness. "'T is like the Bride awaiting the Bridegroom," whispered a dear Father whose present absence in Washington is a source of misery to many beside the writer of this chronicle. And so it was. The very silence seemed to breathe the prayer: "Come for all things are now ready!" "*Veni, Veni, Emmanuel!*" The High Altar so noble in its own natural legitimate comeliness, unspoiled by tawdry trappings, lace or spangles, and far less by the tasteless vulgar displays which too often degrade the Table of the Lord to the level of a horticultural market-stand—the six grand massive candlesticks holding aloft their tall, graceful wax tapers, with four slender but stately palms growing in between—the only decoration—the rich green sanctuary carpet looking like a fresh-mown lawn—the whole effect was not only elegant and captivating, but dignified and majestic.

Meanwhile the old church had died in glory. The closing services comprised a solemn novena with discourses every evening by *alumni* of the college, such as are the Reverend Fathers Fox, O'Connor, Halpin, Cassidy, Pardow and Campbell. The sermon at the last high Mass was delivered by Father Merrick, the *quondam* pastor. There was a packed congregation. The good man preached in so pathetic a strain that everybody was in tears. *Te Deum* brought the function to a close.

The melodrama of this parting scene was somewhat comically enhanced by a histrionic but genuine *improvisamento*

on the part of the six altar lights. It must be explained—not without blushes—that the altar was furnished with those abominable imitation candles called "dummies," having an arrangement of springs within:—an invention worthy of that venerable friend of our childhood, "Jack-in-the-box." As the Mass proceeded, one light after another extinguished itself, so that when the *Te Deum* began only one solitary light was burning. As the solemn chant proceeded, the wick of this surviving candle leant piteously over, clinging for dear life to its tin-sided supporter, and after repeated spasmodic efforts died of sheer grief and exhaustion just as the hymn came to an end.

The long-expected morn of Advent Sunday—December 3, 1882, awoke full of sunshine, but piercingly cold. The Archbishop and clergy vested in the old church and thence advanced in procession to bless the outer walls of the new one. This accomplished, the procession entered the church singing the Litany of the Saints, chanting it, *more romano*, in its true diatonic form and not spoiling it by the use of that modern mode, which has unfortunately become so common in this land and which changes the whole character of what is meant to be a plaintive strain. The Litany is intended to be a penitential exercise; the new method of singing it converts it into a pæan of joy and triumph. This may indeed be pleasant to listen to, and easier to sing, but the effect is the contrary of that which Holy Church has herself in mind. This consideration is humbly offered to those who instead of carefully studying the science of their church's own chant from her own authorized liturgical books, content themselves by adopting the vagaries of some provincial use, or worse still by following the cheap elementary manuals of so-called church chant arranged for the use of Sunday-School girls.

At all events, if we accept the verdict of the *New York Tribune*, the Litany as sung on this occasion produced the desired effect—"The Archaic music, like an echo of the Middle ages, was strangely impressive."

There were present 2 Archbishops, 3 Bishops, 3 Domes-

tic Prelates, 2 Provincials, 2 ex-Provincials, 9 Rectors of Colleges, 23 Parish Priests and some 20 others who were for the most part alumni of the College and Curates in the Arch-diocese. "Ours" were also represented in large numbers.

His Eminence, the Cardinal, supported by his attendant clergy, entered the Sanctuary at the offertory, his increasing infirmities not permitting him to be present during the preliminary portion of the service and the long sermon.

It should be mentioned that the First Sunday in Advent being *primæ classis*, a special indult granted by his Holiness Leo XIII. in consideration of the exceptional interest of the occasion, permitted the commemorations of St. Francis Xavier to be made at Mass; and of course on the principle, "*Favores sunt ampliandi*," the pervading character of the service was jubilant rather than sad, gold predominated over the purple, and the organ far from being silent was supplemented by a full orchestra.

The entire Mass was sung, that means to say, the Introit, Gradual, Offertory and Communion were chanted at their proper times as well as the Kyrie and Creed, etc. The latter were sung to figured music and were rendered in a masterly style which won universal praise.

At St. Francis Xavier's there can be no question that the boys are admirably trained, and if there is a fault, it lies in the direction of over-refinement. Indeed, one of our distinguished guests—who when at home presides over a college —"a dear innocent soul"—(to quote the venerable Father Stonestreet) was in his surprised perplexity and to our considerable amusement, constantly protesting in a knowing tone of voice:—"But they sing just like women"—as who should say, "Don't think to take *me* in; surplices can cover a multitude of sins!"

The newspapers spoke of the music in the highest terms, *The New York Sun* alone excepted. The Reporter representing that Journal chanced to be a highly sententious young gentleman who delights to vent himself in very

strong emphatics with regard to woman's rights in choirs, but even he seems to have felt that the music was sacred, for he very prudently, if not very generously, held his peace on the subject altogether.

The *Herald* was more genuine; according to him, "the music was of inexpressible sweetness and charm," but he thought that this might be partly attributed to the perfect acoustic properties of the building. The *Tribune*—the only real musical critic among the reporters, described it as "a peculiarly impressive musical service."

However all this may be, there can surely be no doubt that the choir as it exists is admirably suited to a Jesuit Church, and more especially one with such scholastic surroundings as St. Francis Xavier's.

The ceremonies were all that could be wished. Order and tranquillity went hand in hand. The fussy *ceremoniarius* was conspicuous only for his absence, and the proverbial "Jesuit in Holy Week" did not put in an appearance. Monsignor Preston, the Vicar General, openly affirmed that never in his life had he witnessed a great function in which the ceremonies were conducted with such correctness, coolness, order and precision.

"The scene at the elevation," to quote a reporter, "was solemn in the extreme. The scarlet of the Cardinal, the purple of the Bishops and Monsignori, the surpliced priests, the youthful altar boys in their rich white soutanes, the gleaming light, the beautiful blue-veined altar itself, the solemn majesty of the officiating Archbishop, the wreaths of incense ascending on high, formed a picture of majesty and grandeur that can be witnessed no where outside the Roman Catholic Church."

The edifice was comfortably full, but not over-crowded. After the beginning of Mass the doors were thrown open to all comers. This little fact is carefully chronicled because it gives the lie direct, to certain ungenerous strictures which appeared in a journal of not too Christian a tone, and which were not merely disedifying but absolutely untrue.

The Te Deum brought the ceremonies to a close.

In the evening the Bishop of Newark who is an *alumnus* of the College, pontificated and Archbishop Corrigan preached. The Church was brilliantly lighted by jets of gas running above the entablature and thus incircling the entire structure.

The following day—Monday the 4th—the transferred Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Very Rev. Fr. Hudon, S. J., sang the solemn Mass, the whole College assisting. Solemn Vespers were chanted at night and a sermon was preached by Rev. Father Lilly, O. P.

Next evening (Tuesday) the much admired Stations of the Cross were solemnly blessed by the Very Rev. Father Charles, Provincial of the Franciscan Order. Fr. Wayrick, C. SS. R., preached on Wednesday night, and Fr. Birk, C. P. S., on Thursday. Friday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was kept with solemn Mass and Vespers, Fr. Hewitt, the Paulist, preaching the evening sermon. On Saturday morning the College boys attended Mass and Fr. Campbell "improved" a shining quarter-of-an-hour — by which it is mildly hinted that the length of his discourse was not the measure of all he ever saw, or read, or dreamed, or heard of, but was short, practical, eloquent, pithy and to the point.

With Sunday appeared Father Maguire to open a fortnight's mission—one week for women and the next one for men—and from the point of view that a mission is intended to rouse sleepy sinners, it was eminently successful. Fr. Maguire blew "the Trumpet in Sion" with no uncertain sound. Our venerable Father Thebaud was heard to remark that never in all his experience had the people's consciences been so deeply awakened. The Men's Mission was a comforting sight, especially when over 200 came up to the altar to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by joining the Arch-Sodality.

It is difficult to estimate the number of confessions and communions. The men's week lasted right up to Christmas Eve; and of course all the women converted during the previous week, and all the other women, desired to make their

Christmas confessions as well as the men. In consequence of all this zeal people had literally to fight their way into the confessionals—and I regret to record that the women proved themselves the mistresses of the situation. And if for once a pun may be forgiven, "they held the fort." I doubt whether any of the Fathers engaged in hearing confessions will ever forget Christmas Eve, 1882.

On the last night in the year the beautiful Roman custom so long established at the Gesù, was inaugurated at our Church in New York. The Most Rev. Archbishop pontificated, and the *Miserere* and *Te Deum* were sung before the Benediction Throne of our Lord Jesus Christ. The scene was in the highest degree brilliant and impressive.

There is hardly anything more to be added, by way of chronicle, except the course of popular Sunday evening addresses commenced by Fr. Prendergast on the first Sunday in the year 1883, and which are still in progress. They are a great success. The discourse on Eternal Punishment, was according to all who listened to it, a masterpiece of theological reasoning, good taste and common sense. It is a source of great thankfulness that many of the Pastors in New York are beginning to open their churches on Sunday night, and thus attracting by the charms of God's worship, giddy souls who would otherwise risk their faith and their virtue by seeking recreation elsewhere on that most dangerous evening of the week.

The Lenten conferences will be given by Fr. Pardow.

The old church is metamorphosed into a "New Hall." Platform, footlights, piano and the star spangled banner are there already. Mr. Walsh, who it may be remembered left Woodstock in a dying state, is so far from the "moribund," that he is now aspiring to the post of theatrical manager. He desires to introduce a veritable stage, trap-doors, drop curtain and all complete:—but there is a Rector at home, and his reverence desires to know "who will pay for it?"

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM JANUARY 21ST TO MARCH 18TH.

ST. FRANCIS', PHILADELPHIA, (Jan'y 21–Feb'ry 2). — This church, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, was begun in 1839, by Rev. Michael O'Connor, who at that time was a professor in the diocesan seminary. The sodality, the largest, perhaps, in the city, was organized in 1856, by Fr. Barbelin of the Society. The present church is quite a large and imposing structure, and can hold in mission times nearly three thousand people.

The weather was intensely cold during the first days of the retreat, and the church was badly heated. The Fathers had to put up with this inconvenience, not to mention others arising from bad air and draughts of cold wind from the doors and windows. Theorists on ventilation would have to admit there is a conflict betwixt science and religion, and when hardened sinners are to be reconciled to God we must yield to the inevitable. The people of St. Francis' are engaged principally in factories, and though the associations in these places are of the worst kind, and sinners abound, no one could complain of any lack of faith or fervor during the mission. The church was crowded even at the 5 o'clock Mass, especially during the men's week, and when the bad walking is taken into consideration, we can but admire the good disposition of the congregation. At night, the church was filled to overflowing. This was the third mission given by the leader of the mission in this church, and in every respect, it was the most successful. From the first days of the exercises, many Protestants applied for instruction, and by the end of the two weeks nineteen names were on the list. Fifteen of these candidates were baptized on the day after the mission ended; the others were left under instruc-

tion. As most of these converts are married to Catholics, we can hope more surely for their perseverance.

During the two weeks many marriages were set right, and some children were baptized. These things happen in every mission. Our thanks are due to Frs. Maginn, McElhone, Gallagher, Brannan, McAnany, Regnery, Meagher, Scully and Daily, secular priests, and to Frs. Romano and O'Neil of the Society for helping us in the confessional.

The following extract from the *Catholic Standard* of Feb 10th will be, doubtless, interesting:

"The Jesuit Mission at St. Francis Xavier's was brought to a close last Sunday evening, when Father Maguire, before imparting the Papal Benediction to the men, announced the grand results of the labors of himself and his three companions, Fathers Morgan, Hamilton and Kavanagh. During the two weeks nearly nine thousand confessions were heard. Almost one-half of these people must have come from other parishes. Some of them went to Communion in their own parish churches, but as many as eight thousand Communions were administered in St. Francis'. An extremely gratifying feature of the Mission was that the church was filled, especially during the men's week, at the first and last Masses, when instructions were given. There were fifteen persons received into the Church. About fifty adults were prepared for the reception of First Communion. Fully one hundred such persons gave their names for Confirmation, and they will receive this sacrament at the first opportunity.

"The Mission was remarkably well attended by both men and women, and apparently there were even more of the former than the latter. The children also did nobly, about a thousand of them going to the exercises held specially for them. All of them who were capable of approaching the sacraments did so. The Papal Benediction was given to them on last Sunday morning by one of the missionary Fathers in the chapel of St. Francis' school, on Green street, below Twenty-fourth. At the same time about two hundred and fifty of them were formed into an Angels' Sodality.

"On Sunday afternoon there was a grand celebration of the B. V. M. Sodality. The church was packed by Sodalists and others. Prof. MacGonigle had had the Sodalists in training for some time, and the singing, which he himself directed, was excellent, at least as fine as that of any of the many other Sodalities taught by him. A beautiful discourse on the nature of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the advantages of belonging to her Sodality, was preached by Fr. Hamilton. He also received one hundred and eighty ladies and eighty-five gentlemen into the Sodality, a magnificent accession of strength. The pastor, Rev. James Maginn, is Spiritual Director.

"The order of exercises was as follows: "Litany," "Heaven is Love," "Consecration to Mary," Reception, "Holy Family," "Christians to the War," "Ave Maria," "Veni Creator," Sermon, "Evening Prayer," "Guardian Angel," "Why art thou Sorrowful?" Benediction, "Tantum Ergo," "Laudate Dominum," "Jesus and Mary."

"For this occasion the high altar was handsomely and elaborately decorated with flowers and other ornaments and brilliantly illuminated."

St. Michael's, Troy, N. York.—This church belongs to the Society and was built only a few years ago. Much good was done here by a mission given by Father Langcake, at the same time the other missionaries were in Philadelphia. There were fourteen hundred Communions.

Sts. Peter and Paul, Boston, Mass. (Feb. 11–25).—Missionaries look for hard work in this parish, as it is one of the largest in the city, but the kindness of the genial pastor makes the work seem less hard. From the beginning to the end of the mission, all the exercises were well attended. At night, a double mission had to be given; that is services were held in the church and in the basement. Frs. Langcake, Hamilton, Russo, Blenkinsop, the brother of the pastor, and Morgan gave the exercises. During the two weeks over eleven thousand Communions were given. The forty

hours' devotion, which followed the mission, ran the number of Communions up to fourteen thousand. Many thanks are due to the priests of this church and the neighboring parishes for their kind help in the confessional at no little sacrifice to themselves. Our Fathers of the College and of St. Mary's were also very good to us in the same way.

This congregation is made up almost entirely of people, who earn their livelihood in shops and factories in the city. Many cannot speak English, especially some of the old persons, and it is no little trouble to get rid of them, when they come to confession, thinking you are from Limerick, or Cork, or Galway. Though your eyes may never have gazed with rapture upon the emerald hills of the old country, you are thought to be a queer man for not giving shrift to the penitent, to one of your own town. An interpreter will explain, if there is one to be had; if you cannot find one, you have to remain under the cloud, and hope for a better understanding afterwards.

Special instructions were given every day to the children; in the evening two of the Fathers explained the catechism to adults preparing for the sacraments. Eight Protestants came the first night to be received into the Church. Four did not return, because they were told that to become Catholics they must be first well instructed in doctrine. They thought everything could be done in a few minutes. At the end of the mission the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed two hundred and ninety-six adults, four of whom were converts. The Fathers in charge of the adults also prepared one hundred and seventy-five for First Communion.

Amongst the other fruits of this mission, the best our Fathers have given in the parish, it may be mentioned as a consoling fact that the Sodalities for young women and for young men were largely increased. The latter under the care of its zealous director, Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, received nearly two hundred candidates.

The Fathers were much pleased with their work in Boston. The Communions were greatly ahead in numbers of those of previous missions. The work was hard, monoto-

nous, a dreary desert without an oasis, except an amusing incident now and then, which one is too tired to appreciate at the end of the week. The boys here say, "I *runs* away from Mass;" sometimes they make the verb regular in the past tense, and say, "I *runned*." The Irish say, "I *stood* away from Mass." The Philadelphia boy *bags* Mass. Now, all this can be explained, no doubt, and by it one has an insight into the character of the people. The Bostonian is all go-ahead, hence he runs from Mass, as he runs for an office. The Irishman having had to stand at Mass in the old country, naturally *stands* away from it, when absent. The Philadelphian borne along by Quaker traditions, quiet and sedate withal, looking neither to the right nor the left, self-satisfied, *bags* the Mass. J. A. M.

St. Gabriel's Church, New York.—On February 11th we opened a mission at this church, East 37th street, New York city, Father Clowry, pastor. The last mission was given by our Fathers three years ago. Every year the pastor has a retreat, or something of the kind, to stir up his people. If possible he has our Fathers for this work. He estimates his parish at 8000 souls, but, in reality, he does not know. In proof of this, I need but repeat his own words to Archbishop Corrigan in my presence. "There are people living next door to the church, that I knew nothing about." "Not know those along side of the church?" said the Archbishop. "Yes," he said, "I found that I knew nothing about them." This conversation was brought about by talking of the confessions heard; and he was telling what he had found out. As the crowd was so great, he was always ready to help, and did his share of hearing confessions. The women's week was very trying, the weather was so bad; yet the church was *packed* every night. The church, they say, will hold 2500, but we found out at the mission that it could hold many more. It was a common thing to see a row of the people standing, and another sitting in the same pew. So closely were they packed in the aisles, that the

collectors could hardly get through. The men were not one bit behind the women in numbers, if anything, more were present during their week. The ushers say they put seven (7) men where they put five (5) women. Yet the church could not hold them, and many were satisfied to stand outside and listen at the windows. The police officers on duty had to turn hundreds away, there being no room inside. The Fathers who gave the mission were Fr. Maguire and Fr. Kavanagh of the regular band, nobly aided by Fathers Dowling, Forhan, Jerge and Walker, who are making their third year of probation at Frederick, Md. Besides these six Fathers, the pastor and his assistants gave a helping hand. Frs. Toner, Petitdemange, Haugh, O'Leary, and White also came to help us. When it is taken into consideration that these Fathers have their own work to do and plenty of it, the meed of praise due them is beyond our power to bestow. As for Fathers O'Leary and Toner we cannot think of even beginning to repay them for their kindness and willingness to help. They have made us feel that there is no danger of our ever calling on them, and being disappointed. The number of confessions heard was close on 12,000, and I must say the greater number of them was of long standing. This it was that made the pastor say that he did not know Catholics living next door to the church. It is astonishing what cases will be found in time of a mission. I had one who made the first mission given in the church which was in 1863 or '64. He had not been to church since, nor was it his intention to make the mission. To give it in his own words, as nearly as I can, may be better. "I have not been to church, Father, since the first mission given in this church, and did not intend to come now, but the night before last I asked a friend what theatre I should go to, to see a good play. He told me to go to Father Clowry's, so I came." I must say that he gave all the signs of being determined to do better for the time to come. Another was a woman of thirty-nine years who had never been to confession. Her history is a strange one, and shows how good God is. She was born in England; when

seven years old her father died, and the mother was not able to support the family. She was put in a Protestant institution, where she remained till she was thirteen years old, then she went to service. She married a Protestant, before a Protestant minister, of course, and some time afterwards came to this country. She had all her children baptized in the Catholic Church, and even succeeded in having her husband baptized three years ago. Yet she had not been to confession before this mission, when she made her first Communion and was confirmed with her husband. Not to multiply cases I will give but one more. A woman came to speak about her son. He was born during the war, and the father did not want to have him baptized till he returned. The father was killed and the mother seemed to forget that the child was not baptized, and allowed him to grow up in this way. He was sent, as a boy, to the Catholic protectory, and there made his First Communion, on the supposition that he was baptized. Now the mother comes to tell about it. Fortunately the young fellow came too, and was baptized.

At the end of the mission, the sacrament of Confirmation was administered. There were 203 adults Confirmed; 140 made their First Communion; 7 were received into the church, and 6 left under instruction.

Mission at the Cathedral at Albany, N. Y. — On March 4th, Father Maguire with Fathers Langcake, Morgan, Kavanagh and Forhan opened a mission at the Cathedral of Albany, N. Y. There has not been a mission in this church for fourteen years. The former pastor did not think it necessary as he thought all his people went to their duties regularly. But he was sadly mistaken, as we found out to our cost.

The present pastor judging from some missions he had in past time in his church, and considering the size of the Cathedral, did not want to have the men and women separated. But Father Maguire insisted, and said it would be more beneficial, even if the church were not filled. After

many letters, the pastor consented to let it be as Father Maguire wanted. The result proved the wisdom of so doing. The church will seat from 1800 to 2000 comfortably, but to seat all the women who came, it would need to be half as large again. Those around the church were surprised. They did not know what to make of it. "Where did all the women come from?" said one of them to me. I could do nothing but smile, as I was never in Albany before. But on the first night of the men's week, words could not express their surprise. At least five hundred more men than women came. One of the papers in speaking of it, said that "never in the history of Albany were so many men seen together in one place. Politically or otherwise there were more men at the Cathedral last night than were ever assembled together in Albany." But the first night was the poorest of the lot; every night seemed to bring more.

It was a grand sight to the pastor,—and the wonder of the city. Boys were kept out, therefore none but men were present, and the number of young men showed that there is no danger for the Church there, provided they are attended to.

When Father Maguire asked to have Confirmation at the end of the mission, he was told that if there were any to be confirmed, of course, the Rt. Rev. Bishop would be only too happy to oblige. But he says I do not think you will have any, as we have Confirmation every year. The first couple of days there were not many for the class, but it was the lull before the storm. "How many new ones had you last night?" was asked of Father Morgan, who had charge of the class. "Seventy-five," he said. Next night there were seventy-five more, next night sixty more new ones, the following evening forty more; so it went on, and on the Sunday of the Confirmation four hundred and twenty were assembled to receive the sacrament. No one in Albany would believe it, unless he saw it. Four hundred and twenty grown persons from the age of twenty to eighty. There were very few under twenty. The Bishop was astonished. The pastor did not know what to make of it. But the fact was there.

Twelve converts were baptized and five or six left under instruction. Among the converts, was an old man who was known as an Atheist. He was brought to the class of instruction by a friend, and in reply to some questions put by Fr. Forhan wanted to show his knowledge and said that he knew that Aaron was a R. Catholic priest. That was a sticker. The second night he had a tooth pick, and kept himself busy chewing it. The third night he lent the weight of his authority to Father Forhan by saying to everything, "that's so, I read it myself in the Bible." He was true to the last and was on hand for Baptism and Confirmation. Among those who attended the sermons was Dan Rice, the famous circus man. Before he left Albany, which he did towards the end of the men's week, he called on Father Maguire, and thanked him for his sermons, and said that he felt their power and would keep them in mind, but that at present he could not enter the church as he was going to start a circus again. But he promised to keep it in mind, and did not doubt but he would soon become a Catholic. The first night he was so enthusiastic, that he remembered his late preaching tour and could hardly keep himself from getting up to let the people know how he felt. Poor Dan! I hope he will not let the grace of the call pass from him.

We had to call upon the priests of the city to help us to hear the confessions. There were *over* nine thousand heard, about four thousand of these being men. The last day but one of the mission was St. Patrick's day; instead of being, as we feared it would be, a hindrance to us, it was a help, as the men came to confession all day. We were afraid that evening on seeing so many in the church that we would not be able to get through, but I think all were heard; at least, no one was sent away.

On Sunday the 18th, the close of the mission, the Right Rev. Bishop gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and at the end turned to the people and addressed them. It was a grand sight; not a space in the immense church that was not filled. From altar to door, from wall to wall, nothing but faces to be seen. He told them that in his name and

in theirs he thanked the Jesuit Fathers for the good work done. Then he encouraged them to keep faithfully their good resolutions, and be faithful to the advice given them.

It was indeed a fit closing to a noble work; a scene that will not soon be forgotten by the people of Albany. During Holy Week, Father Langcake, who remained, gave a chance to others, to come forward, if for any reason they were prevented. His work for that week is not counted in this report. Add to the 12 Baptisms, 9000 confessions and 430 confirmed, 180 First Communions of adults, and you will have the result of the two weeks. But the good done will only be known, when the registry in the chancery of heaven is examined. H. K.

PATERSON, N. J.—Father Walker gave the exercises in St. John's church in this city from March 4th to the 12th, with extremely gratifying results. He says: "The retreat for the various Societies and Sodalities of this fine congregation, which numbers 9000 souls, came to a close last night. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wigger came to honor us with his presence, and close the exercises with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The church is 72x170 in the clear, and it was packed every night,—pews and aisles jammed. Last night there were many outside of the church. The number of Communions was three thousand. I said the first Mass myself at 5.30, and gave an instruction of fifteen or twenty minutes. At the 8 o'clock Mass, I gave another instruction. These two Masses were well attended the pews being about two thirds full."

AUBURN, N. Y.—This place is in the diocese of Rochester. It is a beautiful town, settled in a great measure by New England men, who are always remarkably tidy in their household surroundings. These people are always hostile to the Church, and seldom come to hear us; but this is not the case in New England itself. Frs. Hamilton, Jerge and Massai gave the mission, working hard for two weeks (March 4–18), and then ending all with the forty hours' de-

votion. There were 4700 Communions. Towards the last day of the mission the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid confirmed 106 persons above the age of sixteen. "The First Communion of adults," writes Fr. Hamilton, "is postponed until June. I am fatigued, but hold out very well. We heard confessions four nights of the men's week until 11 P. M.; Saturday until 11.30, and Sunday evening until 10 o'clock. We had a sermon each Saturday; it was the pastor's wish."

St. Joseph's, Philadelphia (March 11–18).—This old church, from time immemorial, has had its yearly retreat. One might as well fancy the Visitation Nuns sacrificing the annual repast on the Exercises of St. Ignatius, as St. Joseph's people doing without their Passion Week stirring up. Great good is done, as persons come from all sides to this quiet nook, to take part in the spiritual banquet, and to find peace for their souls. Father Dowling of the third probation writes to Father Maguire: "Order of exercises: 5.30, Mass; 6, Instruction; 6.30, 7, 8.30, Masses; 9, Instruction; 3.30, P. M. Stations; 7.30, Beads; 7.45, Sermon, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Father Russo gave the two morning instructions; Father Dowling the Stations and the night sermon. The attendance was excellent. Number of Communions, 4050. Number of Confessions, 3712. Several couples, living as man and wife, without the formality of a marriage, were married. Some six or seven adults applied for First Communion, and were given in charge to the pastors; the same was done for a few who desired to enter the Church. The Sodality of the B. V. M. received about twenty new members. The exercises closed Palm Sunday night with a sermon and Papal Benediction, followed by solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

General results: Communions, 53,750; First Communion (adults), 551; Confirmation (adults), 1135; Baptisms, (adults), 38; Left under instruction, 16.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Then and Now—*By Fr. J. Joset.*

Spokane Falls, June 24th, 1882.

Tempora mutantur! and this country is a remarkable exponent of the truth of the saying. When we arrived here back in the Apostolic days, it was a savage country in the full sense of the word. In point of fact it was a wilderness owned by the savage whose barbarous customs prevailed everywhere. You would journey in those times for whole weeks and months without encountering a human being; and as long as you stayed here you were quite cut off from civilization. In proof of this last-mentioned fact, it is only necessary to remark that it took two years for a letter to come from Europe, nay, even from the Eastern part of the United States, or from St. Louis or the Missouri. It was when we were laboring under difficulties such as these that Very Rev. Fr. General Roothan once wrote to us: "How can I speak to you, afar off as I am, and beset with obstacles in the way of communication? I can only say: Do your best." We were used to travel on horseback, or in Indian canoes in case the journey were a short one; but whether travelling in either way we always had to take along all such necessaries of life as provisions, tents, beds, utensils, etc. We crossed the rivers in Indian barges. It is true that this mode of travelling was slow and tedious, but it had withal its attractions: first of all, you were everywhere at home; then you could choose for your encampment any beautiful spot you pleased, with rich pasture for the horses near by, wood for fuel close at hand as well as water, and a soft grassy carpeting around you of nature's own deft weaving. In winter a few branches strewn over the snow made a comfortable couch. In general, the more

busily occupied you were in this kind of life, the better you liked it.

In January, 1846, we had a rain that better deserved the name of deluge; it continued even up to the moment of our halting, when I took up my station beside a fallen tree that measured four feet in diameter. On this occasion, my companion, who amongst lazy Indians passed for laziness personified, for once forfeited his reputation. Whilst he occupied himself with caring for the horses, I cut some stakes with which to prop up the hut and also lighted the fire. My Indian companion, his first work done, next set about cutting down some small trees and, breaking them up into pieces of the proper length, he afterwards took them to the spot that was pointed out to him. In this way our big tree was quickly in a blaze, and the heat of this bonfire soon dried us where we were beneath our tent. But the ground on which we tented was both icy and sloping: hence the water soon began to run underneath our feet; then out of strips of bark of about two inches thickness I made a little platform on which to rest our beds; this done, we supped, sang, said our prayers and passed a happy night.

It was in February, 1859, that in company with Rev. Fr. De Smet, the venerable founder and ever ready benefactor of these missions, I was standing upon the further shore of Pend'Oreille Lake; it was just after the war of the Cœurs d'Alêne. Fr. De Smet turned to me, saying: "In a few years there will be a city standing on this site and steamships will ply up and down this lake." What a flight of fancy, thought I to myself. And yet what has happened? The event has sealed the truth of the Father's prediction and proven a lack of foresight on the part of your humble servant. One after another, war, the construction of military routes, and finally the mines have brought the whites hither: once here they were charmed with the country and spoke and wrote of it untiringly. But it was emigration that cast the final die; for with it Fr. De Smet's prophecy was fulfilled and many other things undreamt of then. Now we have

not only steamships, but also a railroad, two lines of telegraph, and cities springing up from the ground like mushrooms. Yes indeed, everything is changed: instead of vast wastes, the eye meets beauteous fields; the Indian, being now in the minority, is no longer lord and master of the land; now he must needs be quick in availing himself of the government grants to choose a homestead and domicile; otherwise he will not have ground whereon to set up his poor wigwam and may not be able to cut wood for his campfire. The whites in the past were fearful of the Indians: of this fact the numerous military posts that dot the country give ample evidence; now the tables are turned, it is for the Indian to tremble and keep himself in check, and as for the forts, they are at present well nigh useless.

This is not all I have to say. We must change our customs to suit our changed circumstances. We came hither expressly to work for the Indians' welfare, and up to the present time we have had dealings only with them. In order, however, to keep our missions flourishing we ought to conciliate the new-comers: now, you must know there is no sympathy lost between the whites and the Indians and were we to confine our ministry to the savages we would share in that disfavor with which the whites look upon our flock. On the other hand the Indian keeps an eye upon his rival whose superiority he cannot fail to recognize: if then the whites appreciate the missionaries, the Indians will also esteem us the more. Considering, moreover, that the white man also has a soul to save, what wonder that we minister to the spiritual needs of white and red alike. Notwithstanding our own fears, we are bold in answering the seers who foretell the coming dissolution of the Indian families, and consequently of the Indian missions,—that both their prophetic selves and we shall have long been in the grave before the missions are destroyed.

Some time ago I was called by Rev. Fr. Superior to Spokane Falls. On my arrival, Fr. Superior told me that a friend of ours, the geologist of the rail-road Co., had asked for one of the Fathers as companion and interpreter for him

among the Kalispels. The occasion was a good one for visiting the tribe which had not had a priest since the preceding summer. Our friend secured places for us on the train as far as to the lake, a distance of more than twelve miles; we took along our beds, our friend his tent. The train left at 6 o'clock, P. M.; at 8 o'clock, P. M. it stopped at Westwood to allow us to take supper, and at the stroke of 11 o'clock, P. M. we were at our journey's end. Everybody, barring the sentry, was asleep. Through his letters from the railroad authorities, the geologist counted on a courteous reception; doubtless also he wished to see his companion, the septuagenarian missionary, treated becomingly. He asked, therefore, to be led to the chief employé of the road at his camp which was situated in a marshy forest. The sentinel, thereupon, hoisted my bed upon his shoulders, our scientific friend shouldered his own, and thus burdened we trudged along, our friend who was ahead with his lantern giving us timely warning of fallen trees and branches to be avoided. Finally, we reached the camp, when our man, who after his day's fatigue was not overpleased at our arrival, scrutinized our papers and said to the sentinel: "Lead these gentlemen to such a barrack." There was no help for it, we had to resume our journey of the night and betake ourselves to the opposite end of the camp, which stood on the side of a rather steep hill. Arrived there, another individual, who like his fellow was found in bed, was unlike him in affording us a better reception; for he picked out an empty place for us wherein we might stow ourselves away. There was a littering of straw on the spot too; but it was not thick enough to protect one from the dampness of the ground. Fortunately I had with me a water tight wrapper, and upon this we stretched our bed and took a peaceful sleep. The following morning we had to make our way across the fields, for the conductor in charge of the train not being informed about us had naturally enough started without us at an early hour. After rising we entered the workmen's barrack and breakfasted there. My companion wished to settle for our departing on the baggage-wagon;

we had then, mind you, already taken to the road when my scientific friend formed his resolve of awaiting the said wagon. However, everybody told us that it was already overloaded and had no room to hold us, albeit our little store of effects was aboard it. So then it only remained for us to take to foot travelling along a path that was rough, muddy, and in fact, abominable; every moment it was necessary to pick your steps. Had I been alone I would never have minded our misfortune for a moment, but it must be known that all this time our man of science was out of sorts. Believe me, you must never take a sanguine-tempered person on a journey of this nature. It will only serve to sour his disposition. To begin with, my poor learned *socius* was not wholly pleased with the reception given him, and whenever he spoke it was to vent his spleen against that road master. I hearkened, not without some disgust, to these doleful strains; but it was music that had to be endured and that, too, daily as long as our journey lasted. Finally, he began a tirade against the Indians. He supposed, as the whites in these parts do only too often, that Catholic Indians are ready to obey the least sign of the missionaries, thus making us morally responsible for all harm done by the savages. My good friend was in error on this point, and found it out, as I shall relate anon.

By chance we came across a certain Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of a store at Ventnor on the lake shore, and he showed us many acts of kindness. While on the road we saw a crowd of white and Chinese workmen engaged in the building of bridges, etc. *Omnis vallis implebitur, omnis mons humiliabitur.* Alas! that among so many thousands who give themselves to these material works perhaps not one thinks of the moral significance of their labors. Towards midday we came upon a large camp: we went into a tent to get lunch, and fortunately were endowed with appetites that meant business; I say, fortunately; for the sight of these way-side taverns is not of a kind calculated to excite a desire for dinner. However, to quote an old French saying; *il ne faut pas avoir toujours le goût si difficile.* In the even-

ing we were at our lodgings in good time. Beyond the buildings of the railroad company, I had not as yet seen any pioneer settlements; the village comprised a market, a restaurant, a number of temporary cabins and about a dozen taverns. The population is made up of loafers, vagabonds, gamblers and general mainstays of a tavern. Mr. Campbell gave us of his best, but his shop was chock-full of merchandise and people. He took us to the restaurant for our supper, and when bed time came on, he invited us to scale a ladder that ran up the wall. It was not the first time I was called upon to play the athlete, so I climbed to the loft. The floor of the loft was already covered with recumbent sleepers; hence, another feat of gymnastics was called for in order not to step on anybody. There was only a small number of beds, one of which had been reserved for me. My guide let fall some drippings from the candle on a piece of wood, and thus improvised a candlestick. I would have preferred to sleep under the open sky in my blankets, but I could not easily decline the well-meant kindness of our hospitable friend. At another time, being in this district, I made bold to ask for a room to myself. They gave me one poorer than that of Eliseus. (In the prophet's chamber, as you know, there was a bed, a table, a stool and a candlestick). In mine, there was indeed a bedstead, but neither table nor candlestick. My hostess fetched me a stool, telling me it was the only one in the house. Add to this, that my apartment had a window with two squares of glass, only that one of them was broken, and yet in the face of all this, I deemed myself comfortable, considering where I was. On another occasion I wished to procure to myself the luxury of a room, but it was not to be had; sometimes, indeed, two of us had to go to sleep upon the same bed. As to the matter of cleanliness and a pair of white sheets, I leave you to infer whether they are to be expected here. Still, to appreciate comfort aright, you must sometimes feel its want. In the course of these last months I had come to learn the value of the smallest nook or corner where I might be alone; and, to tell the truth, our old-fashioned way of travelling,

that is, carrying along with us tent, bed, and cooking utensils, was by far preferable to the one of which I have been telling.

To return to our expedition. The following day we hired a canoe with three rowers and bore down stream. On the passage we met several Indians whom my friend, the geologist would fain have hired to accompany him to a place eighty miles distant, where he had discovered a mine. His purpose in this was to secure a means of transporting his gold to the line of the railroad. The Indians, however, would not travel with a *Sojapi*, as they called an American Protestant, giving as reason of their refusal the absence of their chief, without whose consent they could not undertake such a journey. Moreover, one of them said that one of the rowers whom we had hired was a scamp and had committed a crime that he then and there specified. Very probably too the Indian was correct in his accusation. We halted at the house of a merchant around which were clustered several cabins; this was my chance to inform the Indians that the geologist was a Catholic like themselves, and to persuade them that if they agreed to the proposal made, I would settle the matter with their chief, that the three white men should be discharged, and that the geologist would make his journey with them alone. It was all to no purpose, however. I had my trouble for my pains in this act of diplomacy, to the great chagrin of my learned friend, who inveighed most heartily against our poor Indians. "They were," he said, "the worst Indians of any whom he had come across; they were enemies, and nobody could trust them, etc. The fact is that these brave Indians have always been on good terms with the whites, and they boast of never having harmed one of them: at the same time they are afraid of Americans, whose invasion of their country displeases them and serves to keep them aloof from the whites.

The chief, we were told, was expected daily at the mouth of the Priest river, ten miles off; thither, then, we journeyed. On the way we met the chief's daughters, who had come from Lake Roothaan on horseback, while the men were

coming by way of the river, hunting, and travelling leisurely. One of these women, who was already a grandmother, of her own accord went off in search of her father. She spent two days at the quest during which time it rained continually. Her journey extended over a tract of forest and was fruitless as far as its main object was concerned. "However," said she, "I have left a letter for him at his address;" then she explained the nature of the letter mentioned. At a certain point on the river bank that her father had to pass she had placed a certain sign whereby he would know that a missionary was present in the region. At this point my companion's patience gave out and he decided to push forward with his three rowers, since the treasure he had discovered lay above the great falls where Clark's river ceases to be navigable. Hence is seen his need of Indians to bring the gold down from the mine. There awaited him a difficult navigation of eighty miles. All this time I was only once forced to abide in an Indian tent, and then only because I could find no other.

The feast of All Saints was drawing near. Our present position made it impossible to think of saying Mass, so the other Indians had previously been told to gather at the settlement of the merchant of whom I have spoken; back to it, therefore, we came. The chief had seen the sign intended for him by his daughter and now joined us. I heard the confessions of the good savages and gave them Holy Communion. I was yet staying at this settlement when my treasure-hunter came back. He then proposed for the Indians again. The chief replied: "I cannot give permission; I must speak first with my people." A consultation ensued, the conclusion of which was that the station to be reached was too far away, being cut off from communication with the river, so that owing to the heavy falls of snow it was better to postpone the undertaking until spring. The treasure-seeker thereupon resumed his former abusive language. According to him, the real excuse was only Indian laziness; as for himself, he was sure there was a path on the route that led along the river-shore. Forthwith he left me again,

at which action I was not overpleased. I could stop then only a few days, for I had to go elsewhere in an opposite direction. The chief conducted me in his canoe as far as Ventnor, the land of taverns. You can have but a faint idea of this kind of travelling. It is as follows: you must sit down and keep quiet in the bottom of the boat which is two feet wide and one half of a foot in depth; this you do the whole day, unless, as was the case with us, the little craft had need of repairs, when it is necessary to steer for the bank. We had only eighteen miles to go; but it was straight against the current. Hence it was a great relief when we could land and move about a little. I often wondered at the skill of our poor savages, a clear evidence of the truth that, 'necessity is the mother of invention.' In making their canoes they stretch out the bark of white-pine trees upon a framework of nicely arranged pieces of wood, and close up the chinks with pitch: aboard this little craft they encounter storms with more assurance than we have on board our great vessels. There is no metal used in its construction, and what is still more surprising, the Indians made these boats before they got hold of any steel instruments. How, do you ask, did they join these little pieces of board? How did they cut those pine trees and strip them of their bark? I can only answer that they did all of these things and besides cooked their meat in caldrons of wood.

From Ventnor I took the stage and as there were no lodgings in the wood, I had perforce to await the train of the following day in an empty wagon. I arrived early at Westwood, another city of recent origin; there I delayed one day to hunt up some Catholic families, but found only some Indians from Colville, who came to confession to me. The following day I came home and spent a night there. Then I was off elsewhere. J. Joset, S. J.

DEMERARA.

Letter from Fr. L. Casati to Fr. C. Piccirillo.

PLAISANCE, Jan. 30, 1883.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

* * * * * I have many projects in my head, and I should like to carry them into execution, but I fear that they are going to end in air-built castles. My first and greatest want to be supplied is a little sack of those grains of faith which can move mountains, and then .... Meantime, I wish my intention to be recommended to the *Apostleship of Prayer*. My present purpose is to establish an association of good Portuguese young women, who, living withdrawn from the evil influences of the world, will have for the object of their institution to assist the Missionaries in the education of orphans, in caring for the sick, etc., after the manner of the Sisters of Charity. The want of ready money is the only obstacle to the accomplishment of this design.

Even here persecution begins to assail the Society. A certain man, who belonged to the Free Masons, wished to act as sponsor at a Baptism, and the Vicar General having rejected him, his friends have begun to write against us in the newspapers. I came in for my share of the abuse, because I had refused for the same office a man who had attempted to commit suicide; this man has died since then by the hands of his own son, who struck him so violent a blow as, without fully intending it, to deprive him of his senses, and he expired without the sacraments, and without giving any signs of repentance. Corruption is on the increase: in the city it is frightful; it is somewhat less in the country; but the empire of satan is daily extended more and more.

My church is adorned with a beautiful chapel of our Lady. The Sodality of the Sacred Heart increases in numbers and in fervor; the same can also be said of the Sodality of St. Aloysius. My life passes happily in the humble mission. It true that the little orphans now and then worry me with their mischievous pranks; but on the other hand, it is a true source of joy to see them making progress in virtue.

With the coming of Lent and Holy Week the labors of the mission are sensibly augmented, but these labors are recompensed by the greater good which is accomplished. A custom prevails here which was much in vogue with our early Fathers of France and Spain when they gave their missions. I subjoin a short account of this practice as it is carried out here during the procession of the Way of the Cross. On Passion Sunday, an image of our Lord Jesus Christ is used, representing Him as in the fourth station, when pressed down by the burden of the cross, he is in the act of meeting his Blessed Mother. The preacher begins his discourse inside the church, and narrates the history of the Passion down to the moment when Jesus begins his journey to the Mount of Calvary. At this point, the above-mentioned image is borne in by four members of the Confraternity. The procession starts, and halts at three different places within the precincts of the church-yard, where chapels have been erected with the pictures of the Stations of the Cross. When the last chapel has been reached, the sermon proper begins, during which the statue of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, appears, as she comes forward to meet her Son. Then are heard the wailings and lamentations of the devout bystanders. After the sorrowful colloquy, the procession re-enters the church, and the two statues having been removed, the description of the Passion is continued, as far as the moment when our Lord is about to breathe his last. Then the curtain is withdrawn disclosing Christ upon the cross, with our Blessed Lady kneeling at its foot. Words cannot express the pious emotion of the people; they break forth into exclamations of pity, and frequently, the women

faint away overcome by their feelings. This scene is renewed in part on the evening of Good Friday. * * * *

I remain your affectionate and obedient servant in Christ.

LUIGI CASATI, S. J.

THE PRISONS AND HOSPITALS OF NEW YORK. [1]

Letter of Fr. H. Duranquet.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1882.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

I once wrote—it was a good long time ago—a pretty lengthy letter in regard to the work which forms the subject of the present communication; it was printed in *Les Etudes* in 1857 or 1859; I ought to have continued the narrative; and if I can manage to be a little more faithful to my good resolutions, you will shortly receive a letter from me. In the meanwhile, here is an abridged report of our situation, our labors and their results.

Our mission of the prisons and hospitals of New York—the *Mission of the Islands*, as we call it,—employs at present five of our Fathers, which is one less than last year. Each Father says two Masses and preaches twice every Sunday. Three of us live constantly on our islands, and visit the College only once a week, for confession, for the supply of altar bread, etc. . . . In these various institutions there are more than ten thousand souls; four fifths of them are Catholics, the majority being Irish or of Irish descent. The establishments of charity and correction, in which we exercise our ministry, are situated for the greater part on four islands, which belong to the municipality. These islands are all quite close to the city, except one which is almost twenty kilometres from New York. These different stations are

[1] Translated from the *Lettres des Scholastiques de Jersey*, February, 1883.

reached by boats which belong to the authorities in charge. Our works of zeal meet with no opposition in the institutions which belong to the city. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said in regard to other houses which are controlled by parties who possess private charters.

It is unquestionable that the people of different nationalities, when they intermix, borrow the failings of one another, and lose to some extent their own characteristic virtues; nevertheless, our poor Irish people preserve enough of their native qualities, to render it possible to accomplish much good among them. Even the Fathers, when they first enter upon the mission, ordinarily find so much consolation, that their joy during some time partakes of the nature of real enthusiasm. It must, however, be owned that perseverance is not always the mark of the members of our dear flock; and many of the sinners so thoroughly converted in the prison or hospital, return again after a short time in a state *worse than the first;* but, they die most edifying deaths. And after all, are these poor people the only ones who after repeated falls reach the celestial throne? The Christian death of our parishioners is some consolation for their inconstancy. Were the missionaries only to see their converts after a short interval of time, how many fair illusions would vanish away. When we took charge of this work, I made the following remark to Archbishop Hughes, which was highly entertaining to His Grace: "Other missionaries," said I to him, "are like hunters who pursue their game; the mission of the Islands is a royal chase; the police officers *et ceteri* beat up the covers and drive the game in flocks to the missionary."

I spoke just now of inconstancy. Still we have at all times and everywhere a fair number of our good people who go to confession and receive Holy Communion. Cases of infidelity are phenomenal, and are met with almost exclusively amongst the Germans and French. It is only at long intervals that I have come across a poor Irishman who was an unbeliever. I regret to be obliged to say that of late years, I have had the sad experience of meeting with

several of them.—With respect to preaching, our dear parishioners are very easily satisfied, and they appreciate the efforts of their pastors. If they should understand nothing more than the *music* of the sermon, they would draw profit from it, at least for a time. I have already prepared for death more than twenty unfortunates, who were hanged at New York. All of them met death in a truly Christian manner, and several of them with sentiments that were edifying in a high degree. I have just now three who have been condemned to die; but I think that they will not all be executed. One of them is a Protestant, but ready to be received into the Church. Pray for him and the other two, not forgetting the Missionary of the Islands.

H. Duranquet, S. J.

AN HISTORICAL HYPOTHESIS.

In the January number of these Letters, Father Paul M. Ponziglione of Osage Mission, Kansas, recalled a newspaper report concerning the discovery of a cave in Florida, which it was alleged, contained an inscription indicating the presence of a Catholic priest in that State prior to the time of Columbus. Father Ponziglione has noticed the existence of certain religious rites and ceremonies amongst our Western Indians, similar to those which prevailed amongst the Aztecs. They seem to be of Christian origin. The Indians themselves can give no satisfactory explanation of them, and one ingenious hypothesis, discussed in the *Catholic World*, December, 1881, would trace them back to St. Thomas, the Apostle, who extended his labors from farther India to the Pacific coasts. The paper of Fr. Ponziglione had for its scope to connect them with the alleged discovery in Florida, and thereby with early Danish explorers. The *Lettres de Jersey* (February, 1883), supplement Fr. Ponziglione's argument with the following historical note:—

It is not for us to discusss the curious discovery mentioned in the preceding pages. Is it a fact, or a mere hoax? Let us hope that the future will reveal this. The appearance, however, of a Danish vessel on the coasts of Florida is not wholly improbable. The discovery of America by the Normans about five centuries before Columbus is a fact known to history. Adam of Bremen, a chronicler of the eleventh century, speaks of the country of *Vinland*, now either Rhode Island, or some spot in its vicinity, and affirms that he has obtained a knowledge of this district, "not through any mere groundless opinion, but through the very reliable accounts of the Danes: *non fabulosa opinione, sed certa relatione Danorum.*" If, therefore, the Danes or Normans (who, according to the same chronicler, were considered by the historians of the Franks as belonging to the same family), visited the site of the future Boston and also the future confines of New York, is it rash to believe that driven by the tempest, they had touched on the borders of Florida? Here is something still more remarkable. In the year 1120, Eric, a Bishop of Greenland, set out on a visit to these same shores of Rhode Island. Therefore, it is more than probable that there were, or had been, some Christians living there. Norman Greenland was converted to Catholicity towards the beginning of the eleventh century. The episcopal see was at Gardar on Eriksfiord: in the fourteenth century, Greenland had six churches and two monasteries; and in 1448, Pope Nicholas directed the Bishop of Iceland to provide for the spiritual wants of that country. Those of our readers, who should wish to have an accurate idea of the discoveries made in North America prior to the time of Columbus, will find an abridged history of them in the learned articles of Fr. Joseph Brucker.[1] In these articles they will also find the titles of the works to be consulted on this question so very important in the study of geography, history and the advancement of the Catholic faith. We shall here quote two passages. The first is an extract from the article entitled: *The North Pole* (vol. ix. page 270.): "We

[1] See *Etudes*, 5th series, vols. ix. and x.

will be sparing in details concerning the discovery of America by the Normans of Greenland nearly five centuries before Columbus. This event is too far removed from the *polar explorations*, to which we intend to adhere as closely as possible. It cannot be matter for very great astonishment, that these bold sea rovers after so many other discoveries, should reach the shores of that land, and yet fail to attach any special importance to their discovery. From Eriksfiord to the coast of Newfoundland, where Leif, son of Eric the Red, was the first to land about the year 1000, the distance is no greater nor is the navigation more difficult than from Iceland to Greenland. Once arrived on the shores of the New World, it seems to us that our adventurers would find it mere child's play to follow the coast-line indefinitely towards the South or at least to push forward from station to station as far as the tropical regions. How great must have been the astonishment of the rude children of the North at the sight of those regions teeming with life and beauty, which met the gaze in all their varied and wonderful forms? We can have some idea of what their feelings would have been by recalling to mind the enthusiasm that swelled the bosoms of Columbus and his companions, though unaccustomed to behold (like their brothers of the North) vast fields of snow and to do battle with nature barren and ice-bound. But the Normans did not proceed so far Southward. After having sighted Labrador, which differed very little from their own Greenland, they explored in one nearly uninterrupted expedition, Newfoundland, which they named *Helluland* (land of rocks), then, Nova Scotia, which they called *Markland* (land of woods), and finally, a country to which on account of its wild-vines they gave the name of *Vinland* (land of vines), and which must lie somewhere between Boston and New York. Here these first discoverers of America stopped. They had already seen enough to excite a desire of settling in this new territory. Several establishments were founded during the opening years of the eleventh century. They kept up an uninterrupted intercourse with Greenland and with Iceland, their original home,

which sent them continual supplies of fresh colonists.[1] Several ruins can be pointed out at the present day in Nova Scotia, Rhode Island and elsewhere, as far down as to below the 42° N. Latitude, which bear traces of the ancient Norman construction.

We borrow the second passage from the article entitled: "The Relations of Catholicism to Geography," *Etudes*, vol. ix, page 564.

We know that the Norwegians (Nordwegia and Nordmannia according to Adam of Bremen are synonymous), after having towards the end of the tenth century colonized Greenland, arrived a short time afterward at the shores of Newfoundland and the present United States of North America. But by approaching the new continent they learned from the Esquimaux that other strangers had preceded them. From the description given to them they immediately concluded that their forerunners must have been Catholics and Irish monks. Hence, to that part of the country said to be occupied by this people they gave the name of Great Ireland (*Irland it Mikla*): it was also called the country of the white men (*Huitramannaland*), on account of the white dress by which the Irishmen of the New World were distinguished, similar to that of their brethren whom the Norwegian pirates doubtless had met at the Orcades, in the Faroe Islands, and at Iona. This occupation by the Irish race of a land to whose population and Catholicity they were destined six centuries later to contribute so largely is a fact well worthy of notice. We wish, moreover, to call special attention to the fact that the discovery was made under the conduct of monks, of Catholic priests. Since we are on the subject of Norman America, we will remark that the Gospel followed closely in the footsteps of the Norwegian colonists. Greenland was converted to Catholicity about the same time as Iceland, that is, about the beginning of the eleventh century. In 1120, it received its first Bishop, Eric, who also made a tour to Vinland in the New World. Rafn, the learned historian of the Scandinavian colonists in

[1] Rafn.—*Antiquitates Americanæ.*

America observed that the *polar* expeditions, properly so called, were begun by priests." Therefore, whatever we are to think of the grotto or mysterious cave of Florida, the presence of Danes, Norwegians or Normans, and of a Roman priest on those shores as early as the eleventh or twelfth century, is by no means unlikely. If the story of the grotto is a fable, it has at least a coloring of truth about it. *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

OBITUARY.

Father Bernardin F. Wiget.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of January, 1883, the Rev. Father Bernardin F. Wiget, a professed Father of the Society, departed this life in the 62nd year of his age. Fr. Wiget was born in Schwytz, a town in Switzerland, the capital of the Canton of the same name, on the 5th of April, 1821. His parents were a respectable and very pious pair, whose greatest desire was that their children should rather inherit their virtues than their wealth. Father Wiget made his classical course in our college of the same city with the reputation of a talented, virtuous and studious youth. In the Sodality of the college, he imbibed the truly filial devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, which growing stronger with his years, made him the Apostle of her glory, wherever he went. On the 4th of October, 1838, with seven others he entered the Society and made his novitiate at Briegg in the Canton of Valais, where after his admission to the vows of religion he also studied Rhetoric for two years. He was then sent to Friburg, where he made two years of Philosophy and entered upon the usual course of teaching, which he continued nearly to the time when the Jesuits were expelled by the Radical government from Switzerland. Being

sent with a good number of his exiled brethren to Georgetown College, he was applied to Theology and was ordained in 1851. During all this time nothing ever diminished the reputation he had brought into the Society. Always cheerful and devout, he was an example to all of the regularity and attention to study that become a scholastic of our Society. The promise that his talents held out of great usefulness in every office that Providence might ordain for him in future was never belied. After the completion of his third year of probation in 1853, he was made minister of the Novitiate at Frederick, and supplied the place of the Rector, Fr. Angelo M. Paresce, who was sent with Father James Ryder to the General Congregation in Rome. On Fr. Paresce's return, Fr. Wiget was sent in succession to St. Thomas', Boston, Frederick, Washington, White Marsh, and again to St. Thomas', where he ended his course. In these places with his usual cheerful zeal and devotion he gave himself to the works of the sacred ministry. He had a wonderful tact in attracting to God and the practice of religion the youth of his various missions, particularly boys and young men. He was ever most zealous in promoting devotion to our Blessed Lady, and the flourishing condition of the Sodalities in several places, and notably in the parish of St. Mary's, Boston, is mainly attributable to the good start he had given them.

When Fr. Wiget went to Boston in 1856, sodality work was in its infancy, confined to a small association of women in St. Mary's parish, and unknown outside of it. He saw the needs of the rising generation, and the possibilities of the work into which he threw all his characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and his efforts were crowned with success that was astonishing for its rapid and wide-reaching influence. On November 14, 1856, sixteen young men were enrolled as postulants to form a male sodality: their good example, the encouragement of the Bishop who presided at the first reception of members, the spirit which the director infused into all who were brought within the magnetism of his influence, soon attracted candidates from every section

of the city and from the neighboring towns. In less than two years, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception bore upon its rolls the names of more than eighteen hundred members. The meetings were held in the basement of old St. Mary's Church, which at an early period was found too small to hold the increasing throngs. This original Sodality was composed of men without any distinction of married and unmarried, embracing all above sixteen years of age. The great majority, however, of the early members ranged in age between sixteen and twenty-five years, and their youthful vigor and earnest fervor were just the materials for such a spiritual director to mould and move. The North End of Boston was transformed; the sodalists shared in the apostolic zeal of their guide and leader; many a young man was saved to the faith; the good effects of the work were not confined to St. Mary's, nor were they short-lived. Fr. Maguire, at a grand reunion of all the Sodalities attached to the church, on the last day of the mission given in June, 1881, congratulated them upon the blessings God had bestowed on them and others through their example. "Twenty-five years ago," said he, "the Sodality was a mere handful; now you have on to four thousand members. Twenty-five years ago, there were but three Sodalities in the State; now scarcely a parish is without one, through the example you have set." To Fr. Wiget belongs the merit of originating and giving the first powerful impulse to this good work, and his memory will long be venerated at St. Mary's.

His stay in Boston was also signalized by another important labor in the cause of religion—the foundation of the first Catholic Parochial School for boys. Trouble had arisen in one of the public grammar schools, on account of the attempt to coerce the Catholic children to take part in the recitation of Protestant prayers and Bible-reading. One boy was severely punished; his father brought an action against the school-master, and lost the suit. Father Wiget, equal to the emergency, received the boys who deserted the public school *en masse*; and to him is due the merit of be-

ginning the boys' school of St. Mary's, which has ever since been in successful operation.

He began his missionary work in Washington, at a very critical time, when the civil war between the States was raging and suspicion and distrust seemed to be a great obstacle to zeal and devotion. Distinguished alike for his unassuming piety, his devotion to duty and ardent charity, he attracted the attention of the authorities and was appointed Chaplain, with the rank of Captain, to the hospitals in the District. The following extract is borrowed from the *Port Tobacco Times*:—

"An anecdote is told of him at this time, which manifests his energy and popularity. The Secretary of War gave orders that St. Aloysius' Church should be used as a hospital. Father Wiget, horrified at the idea of seeing the sacred edifice used for such a purpose, visited President Lincoln, and asked him, if a hospital was all that he wanted. On Mr. Lincoln's replying in the affirmative, he asked for a suspension of the order to use the church until noon of the next day. At 12 o'clock the next day he had almost finished a large and commodious hospital, and the church was saved.

"He was confessor and spiritual adviser of poor Mrs. Surratt, who was executed in the Arsenal grounds in July, 1865.

"In 1868, his superiors sent him to Europe to recruit his exhausted energies amid the mountain scenery of his own native Switzerland. On his return he was stationed at White Marsh, Prince George, Md., and in 1875, was transferred to St. Thomas' Manor, the scene of his first missionary labors and the destined scene of his last works of zeal and mercy.

"Father Wiget was a man of rare natural ability and wonderful energy of character. Quick and rapid in his movements, his actions kept pace with the activity of his mind, which was large, clear and comprehensive. His firmness was well-known, and when his determination was formed to accomplish an object, no difficulties could baffle and no obstacles deter him, from his purpose. But it is on his character and conduct as a priest, as a pastor and friend, that the memory loves to dwell. Modest and unassuming,

kind and fatherly, charitable and loving in manner, he attracted all souls and won all hearts. And in the sunset of his long life, when the sweet halo of religious charity encircled his head and enshrouded his venerable form, virtue grew more lovable in his presence and charity more attractive."

His funeral took place on Thursday, the 4th of January, in the Church at St. Thomas' Manor, Charles county, Md. For the last five years he had been the devoted pastor of this mission and this was the second time he had been appointed. After the Solemn High Mass and the funeral ceremonies he was interred among his brethren in the little cemetery annexed to the church. Infirmities brought on by untiring labor had made him aged before his time, but nothing ever diminished the cheerful zeal, that had begun with his entrance into religion and crowned his last days as it had blest his first in the service of his God. *Dilectus Deo et hominibus cujus memoria in benedictione est.* R. I. P.

Father Felix L. Verreydt.

[Rev. Felix L. Verreydt, S. J., died at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O., March 1st, and was buried at the Novitiate, near Florissant, Mo., on March 2d, 1883. He was the last survivor of that noble band of missionaries who labored so faithfully among the Indian tribes of this and of neighboring States. At our request, Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J., of St. Louis University, has prepared for our journal the subjoined account of Father Verreydt's connection with the early Indian missions in Missouri and the northwest; to which we call the attention of our readers. It is well worth perusal and preservation as a valuable addition to the history of that interesting period.]—

The Central Catholic Knight, St. Louis, March, 1883.

Father Felix L. Verreydt was born at Diest, in Belgium, February 18th, 1798. In 1820, the Rev. Charles Nerinckx, a holy priest who had gone to the missions of Kentucky in 1805, visited Belgium with a view of collecting means to establish a novitiate for the Lorretto nuns, a society of re-

ligious women founded by him in 1812; and also to build a school for boys at "Mount Mary," where St. Mary's College, in Marion County, Ky., now is, the property of which belonged to the Loretto society.

On the return of Father Nerinckx to the United States in the summer of 1821, he was accompanied by a number of young Belgians, who came for the purpose of joining the Jesuit Society in Maryland, where a countryman of theirs, Fr. Chas. Van Quickenborne, from Ghent, was then Master of novices. They entered the novitiate at White Marsh, Prince George's County, Maryland, on October 6th, 1821. The names of these young men were: Felix L. Verreydt, P. J. Verhaegen, P. J. De Smet, Judocus F. Van Assche, J. A. Elet and J. B. Smedts. Right Rev. Bishop Dubourg had then visited Maryland in order to obtain Jesuit Fathers for his missions in Missouri, which were wide-spread and growing; and they included several Indian tribes which still lingered in the forests and prairies west of the Mississippi and on the banks of the Missouri. At a second visit of Bishop Dubourg to Georgetown, D. C., which was early in 1823, Fr. Chas. Neale, superior of the Maryland province of the Jesuits, who had recently succeeded Fr. Anthony Kohlmann in that office, consented to allow F. Van Quickenborne and his socius, Fr. Peter J. Timmermans, together with the above named young Belgian novices to go to Missouri, and found there a mission of the Society. These two priests, seven scholastic novices, and three lay brothers, left White Marsh for Missouri on April 11th, 1823, and after a journey, attended with not a few hardships and perils, on foot to Wheeling, by flatboats to Shawneetown, and thereafter on foot, the band reached the banks of the Mississippi at 1 o'clock P. M. on May 31st, 1823. They stood to gaze in wonder at the mighty river, then high with the early mountain rise, and the town of St. Louis on the opposite shore, with whose history their own lives were to be in some manner identified. Past this same scene Marquette and Joliet had floated in their reed canoes, then just one hundred and fifty years before. What change since that

time, when the first Europeans beheld the spot now contemplated by these youthful missionaries to the then "Far West;" what still greater change within the sixty years since Father Verreydt and companions first saw St. Louis and its surroundings as they were in 1823.

The party landed in St. Louis, and after a few days' rest with the hospitable priests, who then conducted the St. Louis College, where Elihu Shepard was professor of languages, they went to their home near Florissant. Their dwelling was a primitive cabin, 16 x 20 feet, one story high, with a loft, which was the dormitory of the young men. With their own hands they added a story and a wing or ell to their new home, and this, with the addition of a frame building, 30 x 40 feet, two stories and a half high, added a year or two later, for the "Indian Seminary," was their home, and that of all succeeding novices till the year 1849, when the present stone building was occupied.

Mr. Felix L. Verreydt, P. J. De Smet, J. A. Elet and J. F. Van Assche, were ordained priests in the church at Florissant, by Bishop Rosati, in September, 1827; P. J. Verhaegen and J. B. Smedts had been ordained early in 1825.

Immediately after the ordination of Father Verreydt, he and J. B. Smedts were sent to reside at St. Charles, which had for the two preceding years, been mainly attended by Fr. P. J. Verhaegen. Fr. Verreydt went to reside at Portage des Sioux in 1834, and during that year he built the church at that place, which was burned down in January, 1879. In 1836 he went with Fr. Charles Van Quickenborne to found the Kickapoo Indian Mission, at a place just above Fort Leavenworth, on the banks of the Missouri, in what is now the State of Kansas. The Kickapoos were vicious and indocile, they were restless and roving, had a great passion for "fire water," and when beyond the control of the military and the influence of the missionaries, were both arrant drunkards and arch horse-thieves. Finally, a young "prophet" arose up among them in 1838, and induced nearly all the tribe to wander off to far distant hunting grounds, where

they would be freed from the military and missionaries, thus rendering longer stay of the Fathers at that place useless.

In the summer of 1838, a delegation of Pottowattomie Indians from Council Bluff visited the missionaries near Fort Leavenworth, where Father Verreydt was then superior, and asked to have a "black gown" come to reside among them at their new home. These Indians had just been transferred by the United States authorities from Michigan, which was admitted into the Union as a State in 1837. The "Platte Purchase" previously made, at the instigation of Thomas Benton, had the Indians, the Allowas, now called the Iowas, moved from it also, at the same time. The Platte Purchase, so named because of the Missouri-Platte river running through it, comprised several of the present northwestern counties of Missouri, and it was then joined to the State of Missouri.

"Council Bluff" was then all the territory which is now Iowa and Nebraska; and the location opposite the present city of Omaha was named from the territory to which the Indians were transferred from Michigan. The original "Council Bluff," was so named by Lewis and Clarke in 1804, because of a council there held by them, at which chiefs from the Ottoes, the then nearly extinct tribe of Missouris, and other tribes, were present. That "Council Bluff" was in Nebraska twenty-five miles higher up on the Missouri, and near it Fort Calhoun [1] was erected in 1827 by General Atkinson.

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[1] In company with Rev. Thomas H. Miles, President of Creighton College, Omaha, the writer of this article visited Fort Calhoun, in May, 1881, carrying with him the report of Lewis and Clarke's journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean in 1804-1806. Rain rendered a careful survey of the entire scene impracticable, but even a general view of it sufficed to identify the spot as the one described by Lewis and Clarke, and named by them "Council Bluff," August 2d, 1804.

The Diary of Lewis and Clarke's expedition across the continent to the Pacific Ocean was first published in London, in 1814; with the title page: "Travels to the Source of the Missouri River and Across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean, performed by order of the government of the United States, in the years 1804, 1805 and 1806, by Captains Lewis and Clarke. London, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, Pater Noster Row, 1814." The work, somewhat abridged, is published in "Harper's Family Library." No publication of it seems ever to have been ordered by the government of the United States.

In the midsummer of 1838, Father Verreydt, and Brother George Miles, who still survives and is residing at St. Charles, went up to Council Bluff, with the view of establishing a mission there. Colonel Gant had erected what was known among boatmen as "the Issue House" at that place; so called because the military there *issued* blankets, food, etc., to the Indians at that storehouse. This house was kindly made over to the Missionaries by the military, and Fr. Verreydt built a small dwelling near by it, turning the storehouse into a church and school. These houses were near the foot of the bluffs, now called the "Council Bluffs," and were about a mile distant from the Missouri, on its eastern or left bank.

A prominent character among the Pottowattomies at Council Bluff was the notorious "Billy Caldwell," a fierce and violent chieftain, who had been quite distinguished near the great lakes, especially in the vicinity of Chicago. He was friendly to the whites, however. An attack was made on Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago river, in 1812, when part of the garrison holding it was slaughtered by the Indians. In the year 1828 another attack was planned, but it was opposed, and, perhaps, prevented by "Billy Caldwell." He lived in a house built expressly for him at Council Bluff, near that of the missionaries; he never became a Christian, and died September 28th, 1841.

In the autumn of 1838, Fr. De Smet went to the assistance of Fr. Verreydt at Council Bluff, and the two did all in their power for the religious welfare of the Pottowattomies, and neighboring tribes of Indians; and meeting with no great success in their efforts to improve the adults, they got up a school for the Indian children. In the autumn of 1839, Fr. De Smet went to St. Louis in order to purchase supplies and procure additional help for the mission at Council Bluff. It was at this time that messengers from the Flat Head Indians of the Rocky Mountains were in St. Louis on their second visit to invite a "black gown" to go among their tribe and teach them the Christian manner of

living and dying. As no one had volunteered to undertake this work, Fr. De Smet offered to be the one to go to that tribe and devote himself to their spiritual welfare. His zealous wish was acceded to, and accordingly Father De Smet started early in 1840 on the first of his famous journeys among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific slope. Fr. De Smet was replaced at Council Bluff by Fr. Christian Hoecken, who remained at Council Bluff until the summer of 1841. The Pottowattomies at this place were called "prairie Indians" or "wild Indians," because they were nomadic in their habits, and were wild, fierce, and even somewhat ferocious. It was gradually discovered by the missionaries that there was little or no good done among them, and there was a poor prospect of better results in the future. It was concluded, therefore, in the summer of 1841, that it was expedient to abandon this section of the tribe as incorrigible, and depart for the more inviting field of evangelical labor at the Sugar Creek mission near the head waters of the Osage river, just beyond the western borders of Missouri.

In 1838, the main body of the Pottowattomies was removed from Michigan to the Sugar Creek region. Nearly two thousand of them had become Christians in Michigan, where, in the vicinity of St. Joseph's river, they were cared for by the illustrious Fathers Badin, Desailes and Petit from the diocese of Vincennes. Father Petit accompanied these Christian Indians in their journey to Sugar Creek in 1838. Fr. Petit's health failed, and he started to Vincennes, got to St. Louis and there died at the St. Louis University early in January, 1839. The charge of his mission was committed to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis, and thenceforth these Indians were cared for by them.

Father Verreydt reached the Sugar Creek Mission in 1842, and was shortly afterwards made the superior. There were two good schools at Sugar Creek; the boys were taught by Brothers, and the girls were taught by Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who first arrived at the place in 1841. The mission and its schools proved a source of much good

also for other small tribes, who roamed the circumjacent woods and prairies, as the Miamis, Shawnees, etc.

In 1847, the government determined again to remove the Pottowattomies, and this time to a reservation fifty miles square, on the Kaw river, immediately west of the present city of Topeka, Kansas. This measure was deemed necessary, because of the inconveniences arising from the white settlements in Missouri, which were near to Sugar Creek, from which whiskey, the bane of the red-man, was then easily procured. The Pottowattomies, by mistake, were settled in 1847, on the lands of the Shawnees and they reached their own reservation north of the Kaw, only September 9th, 1848, when the zealous Fr. Maurice Gailland was added to the number of missionaries. Here Fr. Verreydt remained superior till declining strength and old age rendered the comforts of a better home, necessary for him. He went to reside at College Hill, in 1859, and remained there in charge of St. Thomas' church for ten years; he was then sent to St. Xavier college, Cincinnati, where he spent his remaining days on earth. He died March 1st, 1883, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The last twenty-five years of his life were devoted to easier employments, more suited to the condition of his lost health and strength. He and the other Indian Missionaries often spoke in the highest terms of the treatment received both by them and the Indians from the military. The officers were always exceedingly kind to them, and were always the true protectors of the Indians. Many years of observation furnished no exception, nor did any change in the officers in command ever make any change in the treatment received from the military. But despite all that has been done for these tribes of aborigines by the government, and by the devoted missionaries, it is often said that no very general or permanent change was ever effected in any tribe; that they seem to be, as a race, well nigh indomitable.

The fact is undeniable, however, that much good was done for the Indians, at St. Mary's, Kansas, by Fr. Verreydt and his companions, aided by the zealous Ladies of the Sacred

Heart, and among the Osage Indians in Southeastern Kansas, by the venerable Father John Schoenmaker, Fr. Ponziglione, and the devoted Sisters of Loretto.

A mere detail of the places at which Fr. Verreydt spent his busy life, with a list of the employments in which his zeal for the welfare of the poor savage Indians was exercised, leaves no space within the limits of such an article as this must be, to say anything of him personally except what is very general. But, on the other hand, the works of a man's life tell what the man himself is, better than any other language can.

Father Verreydt spent sixty-two years of his long life, as a Jesuit in America; and sixty of these years he lived in missions of the Jesuit Society in Missouri. It is no ordinary commendation of him to say that, during all this long period, his conduct as a priest and a Jesuit, was always perfect, always blameless. He was not distinguished for eloquence or great learning; but he was eminently distinguished for his piety, and his extraordinary virtues. His long life passed in doing good and in charity proved by its deeds, was surely a great work. None but high motives, and they strong and enduring, could have induced him to leave his native land, loved ones at home, and all that is near and dear to the heart, and persevere, firm in his purpose, sixty-two years, in privation, self-denial, and a variety of hard employments. Such a man, beyond a doubt, is greatly good; and such a man was Fr. Felix L. Verreydt.

Father Augustine Regnier.

On Sunday, April 1st, Fr. Augustine Regnier died at the college of St. Francis Xavier, New York, after having received the last rites of the Church.

He was born at Lacadie, near Montreal, in 1820. Having completed his classical and philosophical course of studies at the college of St. Hyacinth, Canada, he determined to embrace the ecclesiastical state, and studied, in the same insti-

tution, theology during one year, and during a second year at the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal. This was in 1842. In 1843, a novitiate of the Society having been opened in Montreal, Father Regnier entered it, as the first Jesuit Canadian novice in this century. After his noviceship, in 1845, he was sent to Georgetown to complete his theological studies and the following year was recalled to St. John's College, Fordham, which had been just made over to the Society. In 1847, he was ordained priest by Archbishop Hughes in the cathedral of New York. After his ordination, his ministries in the Society were of various kinds. During some seventeen or eighteen years he was employed in our colleges at Fordham, New York and Montreal, as prefect of discipline, teacher, treasurer or minister, making himself agreeable to all by his gay, courteous manners in the fulfilment of his offices. The last twenty years of his life nearly were spent in the duties and works of the sacred ministry, whether in Troy, Chatham (Canada), or Blackwell's Island, New York. In the discharge of these duties of the sacred ministry, his generous devotedness recommended him to the faithful, while his tender charity for the poor and the afflicted caused him to be loved by them.

Within the year before his death, his health, amid the labors of his mission on Blackwell's Island, was giving way. A change of residence, it was thought, would relieve him, and he was sent to St. Inigoes, but returned worse than before. Now occupied with some little duties, he tried to bear up cheerfully with his afflictions; a few months before his decease he felt that there was no hope of his recovery. Day after day, he saw death approaching, but was not afraid; the thought of the Venerable Bede seemed to be uppermost in his mind, "nor do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord." Full of this holy confidence, he used to say that in another world he would meet his best friends. In this hope he died. R. I. P.

Mr. Charles C. Lancaster.

On Monday, April 2nd, 1883, at Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., died Charles C. Lancaster, in the 72nd year of his age. He had been suffering severely for a long time, but was still able to attend to the duties of his office as Procurator and agent, and no one felt any apprehension of so sudden a death. He was stricken with apoplexy and in ten hours departed this life, being unconscious almost from the first moment.

He was born on the 18th of July, 1811, at Rockhall, the family residence, in Cobb neck, Charles county, Md., and was brought up with that sedulous attention to religion, which distinguished the old Catholic families of Maryland. He had finished his classical course and even commenced the study of medicine, when he felt himself called to the religious life in his 19th year. He entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in the mission of Maryland at Georgetown on the 13th of June, 1830. The master of novices was the saintly Fr. Dzierozynski, who was soon succeeded by Fr. Fidelis Grivel, sent over as companion to the Visitor, Fr. Peter Kenny, and appointed for this office on account of his great experience in the spiritual life and his long and faithful service in every office of the Society. Under these experienced guides he passed the two years of probation, partly at Georgetown College and partly at White Marsh, with the reputation of an exemplary novice. He was then sent to Georgetown College to be prefect of discipline and teacher, and at the same time to study his philosophy. These occupations filled up two more years, but they were years of pain as well as of faithful fulfilment of duty. Hence he was sent to the Bohemia farm on the Eastern Shore, with the double duty of studying Theology and attending to the exterior labors of the farm. It was thought that this mingling of study and manual labor would tend to mitigate, if not entirely cure the severe headaches, which had ren-

dered the confinement of college life a torture that was almost intolerable. But the result was not in accordance with the desires of his Superiors; and although he passed a satisfactory examination and was deemed worthy of promotion to the priesthood, he thought he could not conscientiously assume a position, when he felt himself totally unfit and incapable of fulfilling its sacred duties. He therefore begged humbly and earnestly of Superiors to allow him to remain a scholastic or to serve the province as a Temporal Coadjutor, as in either grade he thought he could do more good. Three several times they urged on him the acceptance of Holy Orders, the last time even with dispensation from Rome, and he so far yielded as to try to prepare himself, but the condition of his head always growing worse from the necessary application, he was forced to the conclusion that it was not the will of God and he gratefully declined their kind offers. Judging that the exterior occupations of Procurator and agent, which required much outdoor exercise, would suit him better and knowing how well he was fitted for those offices, they acquiesced in his petition and appointed him to the management of all the temporal business of the province. In spite of his almost continual and sometimes even agonizing sufferings he continued to fulfil these duties until relieved by death. For forty years he had the care of the temporalities of the province and had to visit frequently the farms and see to their improvement and provide for the support of the Novitiate and Scholasticate. From this it is easy to conjecture how great must have been his fortitude and devotion and how intense his affection for the Society. Indeed it is impossible to enumerate the difficulties he had to encounter and overcome in the performance of these duties. Yet such was the respect he inspired among all with whom he transacted any business, and such the confidence reposed in his integrity that every one was ready to help him even more than he asked. During his administration the revenues of the province were more than doubled. And with all this immersion in temporal business he never forgot even for a moment that he

was a religious. No novice could be more exact in meditation and prayer and spiritual reading. The frequentation of the sacraments and fulfilment of all the practices of the common life were regularly and simply and devoutly attended to. Indeed the maxims that he had learned in the novitiate were as faithfully his guides on the last day of his life as they had been during the days he studied the first principles of religion. That very morning, when the summons to eternity came, he had prepared the minutes, which were to occupy the attention of the Trustees of the Corporation, of which he was the agent, and had transacted some business for the novitiate in his usual exact and attentive manner. Returning home about noon he was struck with apoplexy, and though he survived for over ten hours he never recovered consciousness. Although his death was sudden, it was neither unexpected nor unprovided. He had already for five years had every thing provided for his successor and the thought of its coming was a familiar and daily thought for a long time. We may truly use in his regard the words of Divine Wisdom: *Fidelis servus et prudens quem constituit Dominus super familiam suam.* After the celebration of Holy Mass and the funeral rites over his remains in the church of St. Ignatius, Baltimore, they were taken to the cemetery of the Society at Woodstock College. R. I. P.

THE JUBILEE OF THE PROVINCE.

1833.

ERECTION OF THE PROVINCE—THE PERIOD OF CHANGE.

The present and future of the American Mission had been the theme of constant meditation and anxious deliberation with Rev. Fr. Roothaan from the time of his elevation to the position of General. The territory of the United States presented a field boundless in its extent and inviting in its promise of fruitfulness to the zeal of the Society.—The Republic had lived through more than fifty years of a probationary existence and by its successful struggle against foes from within and without had proved itself to be endowed with the principles of stability and endurance.—The thirteen original States had developed into twenty-four, and some of them covered an area broader and longer than the domain of many a kingdom of the old world, that had given a home to several provinces of the Society. The tide of emigration rising higher and higher each year was sending to its shores from every European country multitudes that gave no uncertain signs of becoming a kind soil under the hand of God's husbandman. A large proportion of the settlers were already Catholic in faith, and their greatest affliction in their new home was the want of one who would break unto them the bread of life. The spirit of intolerance, that had, in the colonial times, shut the gates of almost every town against the zeal of the missionary and confined the great souls of our fathers within the limits of Maryland and Eastern Pennsylvania, had taken flight on the advent of Independence.—Well nigh every sign was propitious for the development of our reviving Society in the New World.

Against the project of creating the province stood the

very vastness of the mission, and the isolated life that the majority of its members were obliged to lead:—a necessity that did not promise an immediate relief, and yet was fatal to the diffusion of a knowledge of the Society. How, then, could love for the vocation of the Jesuit instil aspirations after the perfection and sacrifice of the religious state and fill up the ranks of the new province.

As early as 1808, Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, clearly foreseeing the barrenness that must otherwise afflict the American Mission and delay our firm establishment in this country, was planning the erection of colleges in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, as the only means of increasing and propagating the Society here.

Twenty years had passed since Fr. Kohlmann's first endeavor to meet this absolute necessity of the mission, and yet it pressed almost as keenly upon us in 1830 as in 1808.

The question then was not one to be judged in an instant, and its resolution was certainly perplexing; for delay might be fatal to the interests of the Society in this country, whilst premature action would certainly dwarf its development.

Rev. Fr. Roothaan looked about him for an escape from this state of indecision: perhaps he had overestimated the difficulties that opposed his project, and if they really assumed the proportions he gave to them, possibly, the way might be paved for speedily vanquishing them, by the experienced management of a trusty representative.

Father Peter Kenney, whom Rev. Fr. General chose for this very responsible charge, was not ignorant of the peculiar conditions in which the Society found itself in this country; nor was Fr. Fidelis Grivel, his companion, second to him in the qualities requisite for moulding into a Province the missions of the Society.

The history of the founding of the Province would be very incomplete without a sketch of the career of the two men that lent us their invaluable services during this period of change. Fr. Peter Kenney, a native of Dublin, entered the Society in 1804, being then in the 25th year of his age,

and made his profession of the four vows in 1819. His higher studies and Theology were completed at Palermo, and there he was ordained priest. He it was that revived the ancient Irish Mission of the Society, holding office in it as its first Superior until 1819, when he was appointed Visitor of our Mission. On his return to Ireland in 1822, he was again declared Superior, and in 1829, when that Mission became a Vice Province, he became its first Vice Provincial. It was while filling this office, that he was deputed a second time as Visitor of this country. He remained Vice Provincial of Ireland until 1836. He died at the Gesù in Rome, in 1841, at the age of 62. This brief testimonial of the esteem in which the members of our Mission held Fr. Kenney is copied from the diary of Georgetown College. "This morning, July 11, 1833, we all embraced for the last time our beloved and honored Fr. Kenney. He himself was very much moved at his leavetaking. Never has a man lived among us whom all without exception so loved and reverenced."

Fr. Grivel was born in Franche Comté, Dec. 17, 1769. Already a priest, he joined the Fathers of the Sacred Heart in 1794, sharing the varying fortunes of that body until 1803, when he was received into the Society of Jesus in Russia. Here he remained and labored until the expulsion of the Society from Russia, in 1815, when he returned to France. In the following year he was appointed Visitor of England, and shortly afterwards became Socius of the Provincial of France, to whom he rendered no little service in regulating the affairs of that Province. He was a member of the 20th General Congregation which in 1820 elected Fr. Louis Fortis General of the Society, and during its deliberations he very clearly proved his attachment to the Institute. Immediately before his coming to this country he had taught Theology at Stonyhurst and Paris. From February 22, 1831, until December 16, 1834, he was Master of Novices, first at White Marsh and the last year at Frederick. He was then assistant at St. Inigoes, and finally Spiritual Father

at Georgetown College, where he died June 26, 1842, in the 73rd year of his age.

So generously did the members of the Mission second and supplement every effort of Fr. Kenney and Fr. Grivel, that all doubts which Rev. Fr. General might have had of the prudence of the act he was contemplating were completely dissipated, and he hastened to consummate the fond wish of his own heart and reward the deserving and persevering loyalty of the American Mission. On the 2nd of February, 1833, he sent to Fr. Kenney the decree elevating the Mission into a Province, and on the 8th of July it was publicly proclaimed at Georgetown College, and Fr. Wm. McSherry was named the first Provincial. The following simple record of the event was made in the Georgetown College diary for that date:

"*Quod perpetuo felix—faustum—fortunatumque sit.* This evening at 6 o'clock, Fr. Kenney delivered an exhortation to the community, replete with eloquence and holy fervor, which he said would be his last. He then announced to all that this Mission is constituted a Province by decree of Rev. Fr. General Roothaan, with all the rights of other Provinces of the Society. He urged us to enter with confidence upon our new life and amid all our difficulties to press onward with good heart. Two hundred years, he said, had already passed since our Fathers first founded the Mission, and now at last was witnessed the crowning of their labors.

There were present at this exhortation and therefore witnesses of the new order of affairs: FF. Wm. McSherry; Thomas F. Mulledy, Rector of the College; James Ryder, Minister; Francis Dzierozynski, Præf. Spir.; James Neill, Professor of Rhetoric; Wm. Grace, Poetry; George Fenwick, Humanities; Richard Hardy and James Lucas, Operarii ad SS. Trinitatis; Helias; and Fidelis Grivel, Master of Novices from White Marsh."

Another diary of Georgetown College has the following entry:—

"The community were ordered to assemble at 6 P. M., in the Ascetory. Accordingly, at 6 P. M., Fr. Kenney made a parting address to the community, after announcing to them the new erection of the Mission into a Province, its first Provincial, Rev. Fr. Wm. McSherry. His address was a most

eloquent and fervorous incentive to pure, operative and indefatigable charity: in conclusion, he got one of the Fathers to read the decree of Very Rev. Fr. General Roothaan, creating the American Mission a Province, with the title of Province of Maryland, its Provincial Rev. Fr. Wiliam McSherry; next were read the Patents of the new Province (which was done all standing); finally, Fr. Kenney delivered them into the hands of the new Provincial with a profound and respectful bow. Then the usual prayer was recited at the end of the instruction, and Fr. Kenney having risen bowed to Fr. Provincial to go first. Fr. McSherry was placed from among the community at the ceremonial by Fr. Kenney at his right."

The decree of Rev. Fr. Roothaan, copied from the archives of the Province, reads as follows:

Decretum Erectionis Provinciæ Marylandiæ Societatis Jesu in Statibus Unitis Americæ.

JOAN. ROOTHAAN SOC. JESU PRÆPOSITUS GENERALIS.

Cum satis jam accreverit Americana Statuum Unitorum Missio, nihilque ipsi desit eorum quæ ad justam Societatis provinciam efformandam requiruntur, quippe quæ idoneam Sociorum copiam et, præter amplum Georgiopolitanum Collegium, propriam quoque tironum domum pluresque residentias numerat; hinc est quod, re diu multumque Domino commendata, sæpeque cum PP. Assistentibus discussa, decernendum visum fuerit, uti præsente nostro decreto decernimus, supradictam Missionem, prout uni hucusque Superiori subjecta fuit, deinceps in Provinciarum numerum habendam esse cum omnibus facultatibus juribusque, quæ ceteris provinciis, et in specie provinciis transmarinis, juxta Societatis Constitutiones et Congregationum Generalium Decreta attributa sunt.

Datum Romæ pro festo die Purificationis Beatissimæ Virginis, 2 Feb. 1833.

LOC. SIG. JOAN. ROOTHAAN, S. J.

The condition of the Province during the first year of its existence appears from the following brief summary of the catalogue for 1833:—The total membership of the Province was 90:—38 priests, 20 scholastics, 32 coadjutors. The

residences that we possessed were located at Alexandria, Va.;—at St. Thomas', Newtown (now Leonardtown), St. Inigoes, Bohemia, St. Joseph's (which lately passed from our hands), and Frederick, in Maryland, and at Philadelphia, Goshenhoppen, Conewago and Paradise in Pennsylvania. Each residence gave occupation, on an average, to two priests and one brother.

The House of Probation which was then in a flourishing condition, having 14 scholastic and 7 coadjutor novices, was at White Marsh. This estate is situated about midway between Annapolis and Washington, in Prince George's county, Md. It came into the possession of the Society in 1760, and as early as 1820 was the seat of the House of Probation. During the ten following years, the fate of the Novitiate was quite varied. It ceased its existence in 1823, was revived again at Georgetown in 1828, and thence, on Fr. Kenny's arrival, was transferred to its old home at the Marsh. So that the Novitiate may be said to have been instituted anew, when the creation of the Province was seriously contemplated.

At Georgetown, which was then in the forty-second year of its career, the community numbered 40 Jesuits—almost one-half the membership of the whole Province, and about as large a corps as it possesses at the present day. The college was proving itself worthy of the patronage it was receiving, and its claim as a superior educator was generally recognized by Protestants as well as Catholics.

This was the capital with which the Province embarked upon its new career. Though raised to a higher plane of existence its overstrained energies were not unburdened, but rather taxed to a still greater extent. And though the members of the Province were suffering many hardships, and had the vision of severe trials in the future, yet they felt that God's hand was lightening the weight upon their shoulders and His blessing was upon their labor of supernatural love, and they resolved to await in patience and with confidence the time that He had appointed for the increase.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE JUBILEE.

Rev. Fr. Provincial, in the subjoined circular letter, proclaimed the Jubilee celebration; we add the text of the petition to His Holiness, together with the reply:—

DEAR REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,

On the twenty-second of November 1633, Fr. White and Fr. Altham left England to found the Mission of Maryland. Two centuries later, on the eighth of July 1833, was promulgated at Georgetown College the decree by which the Mission of Maryland was erected into a Province. The creation of the first Province of our Society within the limits of the United States, is full of interest not only to members of the Province, but to all of Ours in this country; nay, to all of the Society throughout the world. There would be some impeachment of our loyalty should we allow the anniversary to pass unnoticed.

I am sure, therefore, that I respond to the universal wish in giving the following directions.

1. Each local Superior will send to Woodstock, as speedily as possible, a brief history of his house, that the materials so compiled may be interwoven into a history of the Province.

2. Each local Superior will also send to Woodstock photographic views of his residence, church and college, to be presented to our venerable Father, inviting him to rejoice in his children's joy. Minute directions will be forwarded from Woodstock as to the accomplishment of these two orders.

3. Since the anniversary itself occurs during the vacation, I propose to anticipate it, and celebrate the Jubilee of our Province on the fifteenth of April. Let a novena in honor of St. Joseph precede the day; let the Masses and communions be offered for the special intention of the day; let the late Mass for the congregation be a solemn High Mass, an appropriate discourse be preached and the Te Deum sung.

Let the special intention of novena, Mass, communion and all our devotions be to offer to God the meed of thanks for the countless favors of the past years, to implore abundant outpourings of grace for the future. Co-operating with this grace, let us add our own exertions, fostering the interior spirit,

invigorating the external act, that from this year may be reckoned the dawn of a golden age of the Society in this our land.

Yours devotedly in Christ,

ROBERT FULTON, S. J.

Provincial of New York-Maryland.

Novitiate, Frederick, Jan. 27, 1883.

BEATISSIMO PADRE:

Il P. Roberto Fulton, d. C. d. G. presente Provinciale della Provincia Maryland-Nuova York, negli Stati Uniti dell'America Settentrionale, prostrato ai piedi della Santità Vostra, umilmente espone che ricorrendo in quest'anno 1883, il cinquantesimo dacchè fu nominato ivi il primo Provinciale, mentre per l'addietro in quelle parti non vi era che una semplice Missione, si vorrebbe celebrare questo Giubileo con un triduo solenne in tutte le chiese della Compagnia di quella fiorente Provincia. Onde però eccitare viepiù la divozione dei fedeli e procurare loro un maggiore spirituale vantaggio, il suddetto P. Provinciale supplica la Santità Vostra a degnarsi accordare l'Indulgenza Plenaria a tutti coloro, che poste le necessarie condizioni, assisteranno al triduo da celebrarsi come sopra nelle Chiese della Compagnia nella detta Provincia del Maryland-Nuova York. Che *etc.*

Ex Audientia SSmi. Diei 4 Martii, 1883.

SSmus D. N. Leo div. prov. PP. XIII, referente me infrascripto S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Secretario, Indulgentiam Plenariam ab omnibus et singulis utriusque sexus Christifidelibus lucrandam, hac vice tantum, benigne concessit, dummodo vere pœnitentes sacramentaliter confessi ac S. Eucharistia refecti triduanæ supplicationi ut in precibus celebrandæ, singulis diebus adstiterint, Ecclesiam visitaverint, ibique aliquas preces pro S. Fidei propagatione et juxta Summi Pontificis intentionem effuderint.

Quod si novendialia celebrentur, Indulgentiam Plenariam benigne concessit, dummodo ultra medietatem dierum adstiterint, aliaque ut supra servaverint.

Datum Romæ ex ædibus dictæ S. Congregationis die et anno ut supra.

L. S. ✠ D. ARCHIEP. TYREN. *Secr.*

CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE.

We publish below the various accounts of the celebration which have been sent to the LETTERS. Original descriptions in manuscript occupy the first place; then follow the accounts compiled from newspapers which have been sent for the purpose.

CHURCH OF THE GESÙ, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Golden Jubilee of the Province has been duly celebrated at this Residence. We had a double Novena conducted in the church;—one at the children's Mass at half-past eight o'clock, with suitable points of meditation and prayers, by one of the Fathers. At this Novena the school children attended, as well as that portion of the congregation who could not come at another time. The church was nearly full of people at the morning services.

The other Novena took place in the evening, with greater solemnity, fine singing, sermon every night for the nine days and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. During this Novena the church was crowded. The confessionals were thronged with penitents; many great sinners were converted, and we had numerous communions every day.

On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Solemn High Mass and Solemn Vespers, both with Deacon and Sub-Deacon, were celebrated, and an excellent Panegyric delivered by one of our Fathers. Upon the whole, the celebration had a very salutary effect on the people *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER IN XT.,

P. C.

God saw fit to turn our Jubilee festival into a day of mourning; and with the remains of our dear Fr. Whiteford lying in death in the house, which for many years had claimed his labors, not even the presence of the many Fathers who had done honor to the community by accepting our invitation to dinner, could put aside the pall that rested over the gathering. The fervor with which the students followed the exercises of the Triduum ordered by Very Rev. Father Provincial was consoling indeed, and a most edifying spectacle was presented on Sunday, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, when nearly all the communicants amongst the boys presented themselves at the Holy Table and complied with the other conditions for gaining the Plenary Indulgence graciously extended by the Holy Father. Later in the day Solemn High Mass was sung in the student's Chapel, and thus in a quiet manner, did the religious feature of our Jubilee receive due honor from the successors of those students, who in 1833 rejoiced at the birth of our Province.

On Monday, the students were granted a full holiday; and the college entertained at dinner Very Rev. Father Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, Very Rev. Fr. Bushart, Provincial of Missouri; Very Rev. Fr. Lessmann, Superior of the German Mission of Buffalo; the Reverend Rectors of St. John's, Fordham; St. Francis Xavier's, New York; Loyola, Baltimore; Woodstock; Gonzaga, Washington; Novitiate, Frederick, and a number of our Fathers who made sacrifices to be with us on the occasion. A feature of peculiar interest that distinguished this social reunion was the presence of the venerable Fr. Curley, one of those assembled Jesuits to whom fifty years ago was officially made the first announcement of the erection of the Maryland Mission into a Province of the Society.

Thus in saddened joy in the old home of the Province was our day of Jubilee spent; one less on earth to share its happiness; one more in Heaven, we trust, to pray for God's blessings upon the inheritance of Andrew White, John Carroll and William McSherry.

Faithfully yours in Xt,

JAMES A. DOONAN, S. J.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

There was a Novena to St. Joseph, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after the six o'clock Mass each morning, for the nine days preceding the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. On the festival, a large number of persons approached the holy table at the first Mass.

At High Mass, which was celebrated by Fr. John Fox, of Georgetown College, Father H. C. Denny, of Gonzaga College, preached from St. Luke, xxiii, 45, 48.

The commission, he said, was a very simple one—to be witnesses of the Resurrection of our Lord. The Apostles were to establish a kingdom; the means provided—their testimony—was apparently insufficient. Referring to St. John, xxi, 3: "Simon Peter saith: 'I go a fishing.' They say to him: 'We also come with thee.'" It was not, he said, for amusement that St. Peter went fishing, it was to provide himself with food, for he was miserably poor. Suppose a modern newspaper reporter, having heard of the great promises made him by our Lord, to have met him, and, in the fashion of to-day, to have "interviewed" him. "I learn," the reporter would have said, "that your Master promised to establish a kingdom through you." On the assent of St. Peter to the truth of this statement, he would probably have continued thus: "Now, do you really think you are the sort of man to carry out the plan? and if you are, have you the means of doing it? Fleets and armies are required for an undertaking of that kind, and you have none. Above all, you will need money, and you have none. Then, supposing you had means, look at the opposition you will

meet; neither the Jews nor the Gentiles are going to give up their old religion for your new one. The Romans have established an empire almost universal; do you think they will abandon the worship of their gods upon your unsupported testimony that your Master died and rose again?

"But, besides this external opposition, see what you will have to oppose in the hearts of men. You preach mysteries, and ask people to believe what you cannot even explain; you require that they shall conquer their passions; the rich man must not be avaricious; the lover of pleasure must practise self-denial; the proud man must become humble; your law must not be observed outwardly alone, but must govern even thought.

"And what do you promise in return for all this? misery, suffering, and even death, with a heaven which no man has seen. The establishment of a universal empire has been found impracticable, even by the greatest conquerors, their kingdoms approaching it, have fallen to pieces upon their death. Now what are you going to do about all this?"

St. Peter would have acknowledged the force of all he had said, and admitted that he did not know how the promise of his Master was to be fulfilled.

"Well, then," would the reporter have replied, "what do you propose doing?"

St. Peter would have answered: "When the time comes, we will do just what God tells us; He will do His part."

And so it has happened. On the day of Pentecost, St. Peter testified to the resurrection, and three thousand men were converted; then St. Peter and St. John wrought a miracle by curing a man lame from his birth, and, again, gave testimony to the same great truth, and converted five thousand. Next, St. Peter had a vision by which he was taught that the Gentiles were also to partake of the Redemption, and he baptized the centurion, Cornelius, testifying to him, also, of the Resurrection. St. Paul also bore witness before the philosophers of Athens in the Areopagus, and while some mocked, and some said: "We will

hear thee again concerning this matter," some adhered to him and believed.

At last, Christians became so numerous that they ceased to be counted. Justin Martyr, in the second century, said: "There is no nation which has not heard of us," and Tertullian, soon after, told the heathens that the Christians filled their cities, their workshops, their armies, and their schools, and left them but their temples. For centuries, men gave testimony with their lives,—for a martyr is but a witness.

The Church is a missionary society; she goes out among the nations, and preaches the Resurrection. St. Patrick gave testimony to Ireland, St. Augustine to England, St. Boniface to Germany, and after the great spiritual revolution in Europe, others continued to testify. Zeal for the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen stimulated discovery; it led Columbus across the unknown ocean, and guided Magellan first around the world. Kings and princes promoted explorations, to bring new nations to the knowledge of Christ. In a recent number of the *Century*, there is evidence that in the 12th century there were Christians in America, and when we look upon the Round Tower at Newport, we see the baptistery of an ancient church. There was a Bishop there. Irving and Prescott show that a century before the Puritans trod upon Plymouth Rock, Mass was celebrated upon American soil, and there were Christian Indians within fifty miles of Boston, years before Eliot began to preach. The Ark and the Dove just two centuries and a half ago, bore to the virgin soil of Maryland two Jesuit missionaries; so we are not strangers in the land.

We must all be witnesses to Christ, by true faith and good works, commencing at Jerusalem—our own homes. Let us give testimony to Jesus, who fought the fight, suffered the shame, and won the victory;—and who now sits at the right hand of God."

After the Mass, the choir sang the English version of *Te Deum Laudamus*. At Vespers, the Novena was concluded, and the ceremonies were closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

CONEWAGO, ADAMS COUNTY, PA.

At Conewago, the Golden Jubilee of the Province was celebrated in the manner which suited the simplicity of surroundings. It was characterized more by piety than by display of ceremony or ornamentation, more by a quiet spirit of thanksgiving to God for favors granted than by eloquent panegyrics of famous workers, or praises of work done. Our good country people neither appreciate nor love much display; but they do love to say their prayers and hear simple, plain instructions on the truths of salvation, and we tried to satisfy them. As most of them have a long distance to come to church, we thought special devotions for three days would be a sufficient preparation for the feast. They attended in goodly numbers. At the early Masses on the festival itself about two hundred and fifty received Holy Communion, and, as was evident from the gratitude depicted on their faces, thanked God with full hearts for all the good he had accomplished through the labors of our Fathers in this old Catholic settlement, and fervently begged him to continue to assist us in our efforts to promote his greater glory and the salvation of souls. Fr. Manns, who has sung Mass in this church almost every Sunday for nearly twenty years, celebrated High Mass. The music was suited to the joyful occasion and well performed. The sermon which was given by the assistant pastor, alluded briefly to our great Jubilee, to the motives for celebrating it with joy and thanksgiving, and touched with becoming modesty on the principal points in our history; then dwelt more at length on the virtues and merits of St. Joseph, pointed out how dear he is to the Society, because of his near relationship to Jesus and his mother, and finally urged the strong motives of hope and confidence for the Church and her children which are founded on his powerful patronage. The attendance at church was very large.

Taking our celebration all in all, it was everything our circumstances would allow, and the piety of the faithful

could make it. The people who have grown up under our care in this rather remote district evidently needed only the occasion or opportunity to show their warm regard for us, and many were the prayers offered up to God that he might abundantly bless the Society and her children in the future as in the past. H. A. Quin, S. J.

FREDERICK, MD.

On Sunday there was a Solemn High Mass in St. John's Church. The juniors and novices were in the sanctuary. Fr. Casey preached on the text: "Go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you." (Gen. xli, 55). After speaking on St. Joseph's life of faith and applying what he had said to his audience, he presented for their consideration motives why they should rejoice on the feast, and thus passed smoothly into the second part of the sermon, in which he alluded to the Jubilee. Thanksgiving for the past and present of the Province, and an eloquent forecasting of future success made up this part of the discourse. After Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. Our choir sang the *Te Deum* and *Tantum Ergo.* In the evening there was Solemn Vespers and Benediction in the church, and Benediction and the singing of the *Te Deum* in the Domestic Chapel.

A Frederick newspaper says:—"Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Lancaster, with Rev. Fr. Forhan as Deacon and Mr. O'Malley, a scholastic, as Sub-Deacon. The sermon was a most eloquent discourse—the only regret was that it was too short. The music by the choir, Mr. John Eisenhauer, director, Mr. Edward Lamb, a scholastic, organist, was first-class in every respect. The High Altar and St. Joseph's were a scene of exquisite beauty and taste, decorated as they were with choice flowers and brilliantly illumined with numerous wax candles. The sight within the sanctuary was brilliant in the extreme. The officiating priests, clad in their vestments of yellow and gold, stood in bold contrast to the fifty scholastics, who wore

simply their black cassocks and white surplices, while the rich dress of the ten altar boys threw a warmth and color over the scene which was very pleasing to the eye, and clouds of incense floated over the worshippers. The "Te Deum," sung by the choir from the Novitiate after the celebration of Mass, was admirably rendered, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. At 4 P. M. Solemn Vespers were held, the pastor officiating, when the music was again of a high order of excellence, especially the instrumental, which was executed by Lamb, the young organist. Both services were largely attended."

On Thursday, the 19th instant, the Jubilee was celebrated in a literary specimen given by the juniors. The programme was as follows:—

PRELUDE—*An Allegro.* From Handel's Messiah.....J. Deck
CHORUS—*Veni Jesu,* Cherubini.....Choir
CARMEN SACRUM—Alcaic Ode.....C. B. Macksey
THE VISION—Poem.....G. A. Pettit
A LEGEND OF THE EARLY MISSION—Poem.....A. O'Malley
SOLO—Adaptation from Haydn.....P. J. Casey

INTERMISSION.

SOLO—"*He has gone on High.*" From the Messiah.....E. L. French
TRIUMPH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT—Recitation.....J. B. O'Leary
OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE—Poem.....D. Hearn
THE PLEDGE OF THE SACRED HEART—Poem.....E. C. Kane
CHORUS—Adaptation from Le Petit Tambour.....Choir

MANRESA, NEW YORK.

FATHER GLEASON writes:—

The celebration in this house was confined to the community. We prepared ouselves for the feast by a Novena, and an exhortation from Fr. Doucet.

ST. JOSEPH'S, YORKVILLE, N. Y.

We celebrated the Golden Jubilee in our church by a general communion of the men's Sodality, a Solemn High Mass, and an appropriate sermon both in German and English.

H. BLUMENSAAT, S. J.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BOSTON.

Looking back to the last great celebration that occurred at the Church of the Immaculate Conception,—I refer to its consecration in 1878,—we will see that the grand preparations, untiring energy, and crowning success of those days, were witnessed in the Golden Jubilee of '83.

Each ensuing year has seen our Church gather strength and increase in numbers and splendor. Each Christmas and Easter has received fitting tribute of adornment, so that the celebration of the Golden Jubilee on a vaster scale than any of these, required extraordinary preparations to ensure success. The Novena preparatory to the celebration attracted large crowds, and the discourses each night, so forcible and full of interest, awoke enthusiasm and generosity in the breasts of many. The little notes too, soliciting contributions, sent out by the ladies in charge of the decorations, hinted vaguely at large expenses; and invitations, requesting the attendance of the pastors of the various churches in and around the city, met with cordial and flattering answers. Thus it became noised throughout the city that the Jesuits were to commemorate an important event, and for that purpose were making vigorous efforts to celebrate it in a grand and perfect manner.

Evenings were spent by busy tongues discussing different plans, whilst busy hands wove the green into various figures or strings, as need required. All seemed to enter into the celebration with the greatest earnestness. It was a grand enthusiasm that filled them, an enthusiasm which feels as if it could not do enough to realize the perfection of the ideal. Our Rector, Fr. O'Connor, seemed to have thrown all his love for the Society into this celebration, and at all times, his suggestions, encouragement and ready assistance, kept alive the interest in the work. The plans are enlarged as success seems assured—for nothing is to be done by halves; a satin curtain to fill the central arch, and several hundred

yards of art drapery are purchased. It involved much trouble and anxiety to find the shade of satin, to make the lining, test it, and then adjust all properly. At length it is finished. Anxiously did the diligent laborers witness the raising of the curtain to its destined position, as eagerly as the inventor watches the trial of his invention, or the discoverer the hoped-for land in the distance. And when the curtain swung into place, not a piece or a fold having to be altered, applause testified their entire satisfaction; for all felt that this was to be the crown giving perfection to the whole. The curtain is fixed upon an iron frame that sets securely in the arch, and is composed of five parts. The spring of the arch is twenty feet, the span, forty, and the entire height from the sanctuary, sixty. Let us glance for a moment at the banners—with their traceries of silver and gold; some are subdued in color, yet rich; others clothed in the brightest ornaments. They are eight feet long by four wide, and number fourteen of this class. Flowers, and plants, and gifts that can in any way grace the altars, are here in abundance. The liberal donations of money, in answer to the notes, sped on the work, and by Friday night the untiring workers saw the finish and perfection of a beautiful whole. How exquisite all appeared that night in the deep fulness of repose! In the college, Saturday is a busy day, everything is to be transformed, the dining hall decorated, and numerous little wants to be supplied.

Sunday, April 15th, has come, and the day full of bright sunshine and blue sky welcomes the glorious anniversary. As early as nine o'clock, great crowds, restless, busy, are gathering before the church. Soon the doors are thrown open; group by group they enter, rapidly filling the church; and now standing room is not to be had. Within the sacristies the altar boys, sixty in number, clad in white merino with sleeves braided in crimson and gold, with gauze surplices, are proudly awaiting the signal to move. Through all these preparations sweet tremulous music, with strings gently sounding, strikes on the ear. It is the choir under

the leadership of Signor Campanari, assisted by the Germania Orchestra, preparing for the services. The programme of music for the Mass is as follows:—

PRELUDE . . . . . *Salomé.*
PROCESSIONAL — "Hymn of St. Cecilia" *Gounod.*
OFFERTORY — "Alma Virgo" . . . . . *Hummel.*
MASS . . . . . Mozart's 12th.
TE DEUM . . . . . *Romberg.*
RECESSIONAL . . . . . *Lachnauer.*
POSTLUDE — "Chromatic Fantasy" . . . . *Thiele.*

The portières are now thrown open, and exactly at 10.30 A. M. a loud burst of music ushers in the slowly moving procession. The boys pass out with reverent mien and proceed to the seats, then come the scholastics, then the Fathers of the house,—the secular priests, the archiepiscopal cross borne by one of the scholastics surrounded by the choir boys who are to assist the officiating prelate, the ministers of the Mass, the deacons of honor, the arch-deacon, and last, the Archbishop in full pontificals. The prelates and clergymen who were present are as follows: Most Rev. Archbishop Williams; the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield; Rev. L. O'Toole; Rev. John O'Brien; Rev. T. Gallagher; Rev. James O'Brien; Rev. L. O'Connor, C. SS. R.; Rev. M. O'Brien; Fathers Bodfish, McMahon, Delahunty, Ronan, of Dorchester, Flatley, Daily, Corcoran, and many others; Fr. O'Connor, Rector of the college; Fathers Welch, Daugherty, Byrnes, Jamison, Charlier, Heichemer, and Massi, of the Society.

In humble prayer at the foot of the altar the Mass is begun, and the music in harmony with the time, floats softly through the church. In quick succession we pass from Kyrie to Gloria, from Gloria to the Gospel, now ceremony, again art, displaying all that can move the heart to God. The sermon by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly was taken from St. John xv. 16. The *Daily Advertiser* briefly sums up the whole sermon, as follows: "The sermon by Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield was both historical and critical. He spoke of Loyola and his times, and also of the achievements

of the Society of Jesus. He contrasted Loyola with Martin Luther. Almighty God, he said, raised up these two men side by side so that the world might see the difference between them, and might learn salutary lessons. Loyola sought the salvation of the world. Luther puffed up by pride, hurled his defiance at the whole Church, and even the head of the Church, when he posted up his theses. Herein is seen the wonderful providence of God. When God permitted the German monk to declare war on the whole Church, he took the means for the wider spread of pure Christianity. Luther supposed the whole world could not overcome his arguments, but in overcoming them the world has come to a better knowledge of Christianity. These two men seemed to be pitted against each other, and have fought each other from that day to this."

He then spoke of the Jesuits having traversed the entire continent during the past 250 years. How they went among the savages, and sixteen (16) of them gave up their lives. All the country from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been marked with their blood. Loyola did not limit his followers to missionary work. No society in the world has given a larger number of men distinguished in literature, art and science. Infidelity hangs over this country, but this is not so dangerous as indifferentism. In closing, the Bishop congratulated the Society upon its remarkable career, and wished for it an equally efficient future.

Again ceremony and music come to charm the heart. The Sanctus, Elevation, and Communion, each with its hallowing associations passes, and the blessing comes, which the Archbishop solemnly chants from the altar, while the breath is hushed, and head bowed, until the last echo dies away. A gentle silence is around, as God's benediction sinks into the soul. Then with strength added to strength we rise to profess our faith. And so we pass through the whole, our thankfulness has been expressed, and our hearts gladdened by joining in the "Te Deum" that finishes the services.

The banquet hall is decorated with streamers of various colors flowing from the centre of the room to the windows and walls; at the upper end of the hall are the Papal arms with—*Thrice Welcome All*—beneath; at the lower end the picture of St. Ignatius in a recess draped with green and maroon; on one side, a large banner, with the inscription "*250th Anniversary of the Jesuits in Maryland, 1633–1883*," and around the room large graceful folds of blue and white drapery. Here dinner is prepared for fifty invited guests. In the evening Solemn Vespers were sung by Rev. Theodore Metcalf, of Marblehead, the Fathers, Scholastics, and some of the Secular Clergy assisting, in copes. The congregation was one of the most numerous that ever filled the church, and this was partly due to the fact that no tickets of admission were required. Mercadante's Vespers and the Te Deum were sung by the choir, assisted by the Boston Symphony Society. Father O'Brien, C. SS. R., preached.

Thinking that the best view of the decorations could be obtained at night, for the breathing lights give then the freshness of youth to all around, I chose my position near the end of the church. As seen from this point the picture was grand—complete in itself. Above the main altar, in lights—for Vespers is just beginning,—was the motto of the Society,—A. M. D. G.; on each side three large candelabra were swung, sparkling with their gas candles; and behind these crimson drapery flushing the face of the church with its rich warm glow. Below, the altar nestled; decked with its gold cloth, the tabernacle covered with white satin trimmed in gold, on which a sheaf of wheat and grapes was gracefully fastened; whilst hanging baskets kept reverent watch before its door. The sanctuary lamp was adorned with flowers, and budding calla lilies like a wreath of pearls, crowned it. Six portières hung over the doors leading from the sacristies. They were of cardinal plush, with a rich band of old gold two feet wide, on which large clusters of flowers were wrought in appliqué; the heavy fringe that bordered them gave a perfect finish to the whole. The

throne erected on the Gospel side was of white satin, covered with arabesques of gold leaves. Far above—amid the fretted dome rests the satin canopy, its outer edge trimmed with a double row of gold lace, twelve hundred yards being needed. The gathered folds of the curtain upon yon bow-shaped edge of the arch reflect the splendor of a thousand lights. It seems so thin, so frail, that the slightest heat might melt it away. Yet how peacefully it looks down on the sacred tabernacle, and the low murmuring crowd beneath. How grand it appears in its pride of place! Nothing distracts the attention from the beauty of its folds, from the loveliness of the waving satin bright with reflected light. Through the central nave, over sixty feet from the ground, six groups of art drapery flow down, darting and dipping from capital to window-arch, where they unite with the crimson drapery coming from the altar, and gleam on the white background of the walls. The first group is white and blue, colors of the Immaculate Conception; at the end of the aisle, are white and gold, the Papal colors; in the centre, black and orange, colors of Maryland; then gold and grey, pink and blue, fill the intermediate spaces. Between each group, seeming to live in upper air, the banners of the different associations are hung. Festoons of greenery, beginning from the altar, winding in and out, now lightly springing, now creeping from arch to arch, and pillar to pillar, circle the whole church. The columns, twelve in number, colossal, and beautiful with their richly carved capitals, are entwined with art drapery in three spiral folds; and the frieze paper, encircling these spirals, at the top, bottom and centre, reflects their traceries of silver and gold in the changeful light. The first column on the Gospel side is enwrapped with white drapery, the names of FABER, REGIS, and PIGNATELLI, being in blue letters; that on the epistle side is blue, having in white letters, the initials in black: PAULUS III CONFIRMAVIT—1543. And in like manner, all the columns are variously bound, appropriate names and actions of Ours adorning the folds. Where the crimson drapery unites in a festoon on the pilasters, hang the large banners

I spoke of before. They are made of satin and art drapery. On the Gospel side, the first banner is white, with a large Maltese cross of emerald satin as centre piece; the second, scarlet and white quartered, with gold satin dexter bar inscribed in black letters, S. FRANCISCUS XAVERIUS. On the Epistle side, the first banner is pearl and white quartered, blue satin chevron, with name of S. IGNATIUS LOYOLA; the second, purple and gold, large Latin cross in scarlet letters. Where the loops catch up the great satin curtain hang two banners, the one on the right, of gold and white, with a broad purple band, on which shines the name LEO XIII, in red letters; the other, made of black and gold, has two dexter bars and the inscription, PROV. MARYL. NEO-EBORAC. 1880. At the further end of the church, hanging from the galleries, swing two beautiful banners; that on the right, is pink, with white fleur-de-lys in dexter chief, broad black dexter bar bearing in white letters "MISSIONIS," and **250** in a black lozenge; the other, violet, with gold fleur-de-lys, gold dexter bar with "PROVINCIÆ" in red letters, **50** being worked in a gold lozenge. In each of the windows are statues of our Lord, the Immaculate Conception, and saints of the Society, surmounted by small banners. The banners number thirty-three.

Everything looks grand, yet all is so subdued, and invites to simplest prayer. Now Benediction begins. The incense ascends in slow circling wreaths, melting as it rises. How the lights seem to haunt the altar, and cloud-like gather around it. How patiently they stay, growing brighter and richer as the eye continues to gaze. Now the soft notes of music droop, gentle murmurs steal through the nave and die away: in solemn stillness clad, the church stands alone in her grandeur. God and man are speaking in heart music to each other. How strongly God's glory impresses our souls! And how clearly the scene speaks to the eye, telling of the beautiful picture before us. At length all is finished, the Te Deum is sung and the procession has passed from out the sanctuary, and the lights, like stars vanishing, disappear. As we watch the change, and see the dim

lights, and the deep clouds of shadow settling on the church, the heart sighs for the loveliness that is gone, yet thanks God for the bliss felt during this day.

AD SS. TRINITATIS, BOSTONII, MASS.

1. Novena habita est coram Sanctissimo, præcedens Festum Patrocinii Sti. Josephi cujus statua et imago ornamento plurimo decoratæ fuere.

2. Indulgentiæ plenariæ promulgatæ cum conditionibus numerum non exiguum pœnitentium attraxere.

3. Die ipso Festo campanæ in altitudine turris inusitato sonitu et clangore celebritatem ad plurium leucarum distantiam annuntiaverunt, et apud Sacrum Solemne ingens populi concursus assistebat et sub fine Sacri, "*Te Deum*" omnes alta et sonora voce concinebant.

4. Post meridiem Vesperæ Solemnes.

5. *Sermonis Synopsis:*

a) Domus Dei, Sancta Christi Ecclesia, Sub Patrocinio S. Josephi longe lateque per orbem terrarum dilatata est;

b) In hoc opere propagandæ Ecclesiæ Ordines Religiosi plurimum laboraverunt;

c) Inter quos Societas Jesu præprimis;

d) Hujus una Provincia, sc: Neo-Eboracensis-Marylandiæ Jubilæum duplex celebrat; sunt enim:—

α) 250 anni ex quo Missio Marylandiæ fundata est, et

β) 50 anni ex quo ad gradum propriæ Provinciæ elevata est;

e) Quapropter hoc peculiare Festum gaudii et gratiarum actionis, non solum pro membris hujus Provinciæ, sed pro omnibus Catholicis in Statibus Fœderatis Americæ, etiam pro Germanis. Cur?

WHITEMARSH.

Father James Major writes:—

The Golden Jubilee was duly celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Whitemarsh, by the devotions of a Novena and a Triduum in honor of St. Joseph, the former commencing on Thursday, the 5th of April, the latter on Thursday, the 12th, and both ending on Sunday, the 15th, with the reception of the Holy Eucharist by the faithful jubilants.

Not having sufficient clerical force for a Grand High Mass, we had to be satisfied with a Missa Cantata celebrated by the Rev. James Cotting, S. J., who also delivered an appropriate discourse on the virtues and glories of St. Joseph, the husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under whose holy auspices the Society of Jesus first planted the standard of the cross on the land of Mary two hundred and fifty years ago; and two centuries afterwards crowned its labors by the appointment of a Provincial.

The notes of praise were pealed forth from the grand old Whitemarsh organ under the skilful fingering of Miss Agnes Iglehart, accompanied by the vocalism of a dozen or so of fine healthy Teutonic throats.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a *Te Deum* was chanted by the same choir, not the *Grosser Gott wir loben Dich*, which they are so fond of, but the real old Latin. *Te Deum laudamus*,—the music as arranged by St. Gregory.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

Father Halpin writes:—

We had all the ceremonies and observances indicated by Fr. Provincial's letter. In the parish church, a Novena—on *the day* itself, Solemn High Mass—*Te Deum*—Benediction; Sermon by Rev. Fr. Jouin, S. J. In the college chapel, the same. Sermon preached by Fr. F. McSweeney, a secular from Rome, and one of our old students.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am sorry that we could not celebrate it in a more solemn manner. Our means do not allow us to make expenses for grand musical displays nor for costly decoration. The festival was preceded by a Novena, some prayers being said every day after Mass. On account of our people living very far scattered, not many could assist at this devotion as often as was required to gain the plenary indulgence. On the day itself, we had a Solemn High Mass; celebrant, Fr. J. P. M. Schleuter; Deacon, Fr. Joseph Busam; Sub-Deacon, Joseph Mattson. Fr. Busam preached. After High Mass, the German *Te Deum, Grosser Gott wir loben Dich* was sung by the whole congregation. A good number received Holy Communion on the day of the Jubilee.

JOH. P. M. SCHLEUTER, S. J.

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS, WORCESTER, MASS.

(*From the Worcester Evening Gazette.*)

The day of the Jubilee, Sunday, the 15th inst., Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, was preceded by a *Triduum.* This was held in the college chapel, and consisted, each evening, of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the recitation of prayers proper to the occasion. Choice musical selections were rendered. Those given on the first evening, that of Thursday, the 12th inst., were Lambillotte's *Quid Retribuam*, with solos and chorus; Morrison's *Tantum Ergo*, solos and chorus; and the *Laudate Dominum*, a chorus, by Lloyd. On the next evening, the *O Salutaris* was a trio by Mercadante, the *Tantum Ergo* in the form of solos and chorus was by Berge, and the *Laudate Dominum*, a chorus, was by Bristow. The last evening of the *Triduum*, the music consisted of Stearn's *O Salutaris*, a solo; Rossi's *Tantum Ergo* in A, solos and chorus; and Fisk's *Laudate Dominum*, solo and chorus.

On Sunday there was a Solemn High Mass at 9 o'clock. Besides the students, an unusually large attendance filled

the spacious college chapel to its utmost capacity. The weather was delightful. A pleasant breeze tempered the warmth of the sun, which, shining from a cloudless sky, illumined the incipient green of hill and dale in the neighborhood. Within the chapel a striking scene was presented by the benches crowded with worshippers, the sanctuary and side-altars with their tasteful decorations, the numerous troop of brilliantly-dressed altar boys, the ministers in their rich vestments, and the resplendent ornamentation of the main altar. The maroon-colored hangings which covered a part of it brought into relief the green of the plants and shrubs, the varied hues of the flowers and the soft light of innumerable tapers. The High Mass was celebrated by Fr. F. W. Gockeln, S. J., with Fr. H. D. Langlois, S. J., as Deacon, Mr. F. B. Goeding, S. J., as Sub-Deacon, and Mr. J. B. Lamb, S. J., as Master of Ceremonies. Not less in keeping with the scene and the occasion was the music. The vocal part was furnished by the same choir which had done such good service during the *Triduum.* It is composed of students of the college, and is under the direction of Mr. T. J. Gannon, S. J., and Mr. C. I. Riordan. The latter gentleman presided at the organ at all the exercises both of the day and of the *Triduum.* The choir was supported by a select orchestra of seven pieces, under the direction of Prof. G. P. Burt of the college.

The Mass was the second of Haydn, with the exception of the *Credo* which was from his first. Before the sermon, Lambillotte's *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, a duet and chorus, was sung, and, at the Offertory, his *Lauda Sion* in D, with duets and chorus, was given. The postlude rendered by organ and orchestra was *Et Vitam Venturi.*

The sermon was preached by Fr. C. H. Stonestreet, S. J. His discourse embraced the Society of Jesus in general and the Province of New York-Maryland in particular. He portrayed the character of St. Ignatius in terms glowing with all the enthusiasm of a devoted son, and described the celebrated Spiritual Exercises, of which he said that the Order is the offspring. He showed the wonderful effects they

had wrought, and how the giving of them is one of the great works of the Society. Another of its characteristic employments he said, is the missions, especially to foreign countries. He dwelt with enthusiasm on St. Francis Xavier as the great type of this work. Then he dilated upon the third great charge undertaken by the Jesuits,—the education of youth in colleges,—and pointed out some of the fruits of their endeavors. Passing to the New York-Maryland Province, he contrasted its humble beginnings with its present flourishing condition, and returned thanks to God, without whose merciful assistance this progress would have been impossible. The reverend gentleman spoke then of the College of the Holy Cross, and concluded with a moving exhortation to the students present to do all in their power to correspond to the efforts of those who are laboring in their behalf.

At 6 P. M., there was Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Fr. A. M. Mandalari, S. J., was celebrant; Fr. A. K. Peters, S. J., first cope-bearer; Mr. F. X. Sadlier, S. J., second cope-bearer; and Mr. J. B. Lamb, S. J., Master of Ceremonies. The attendance was large, the ornamentation of the altars even more elaborate than in the morning, and the music particularly choice. Its chief feature was the *Te Deum* in D, solo and chorus, by Lambillotte. The other pieces, likewise from this composer, were his *Tantum Ergo* in F, a chorus, and his *Laudate Dominum* in C, also a chorus.

Thus ended a day which had been one of extraordinary rejoicing for the College of the Holy Cross, as was made evident to all who came within sight of the building by the national flag which floated from the balcony of the main entrance, as the day closed a celebration satisfactory in every particular to all who took part in it. * * *

ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

(*From the Catholic Mirror, April 21.*)

At St. Ignatius' Church great preparation for the Jubilee had been made, the culmination of which was reached on Sunday with most impressive ceremonies. God's sanctuary had been beautified with exquisite taste, the high altar being chastely adorned with calla lilies and other choice flowers, and lighted with innumerable candles, supported by rich candelabra. On the Gospel side of the sanctuary a rich canopy and throne were erected for Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, who pontificated. His assistants were: Assistant priest, Rev. Fr. Magnien, President of St. Mary's Seminary; first Deacon of Honor, Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J., formerly Provincial of the Maryland Province, and at present Rector of Woodstock College; second Deacon of Honor, Rev. Jno. Lessmann, S. J., Superior of the German Mission, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J.; Sub-Deacon, Rev. P. P. Fitzpatrick, S. J.; first Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. McCallan; second Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Charles S. Williams, S. J. The attendants on his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop were chosen from the members of Blessed John Berchmans' Sanctuary Sodality attached to St. Ignatius' Church.

Among those present in the sanctuary were Rev. E. F. Schauer, Provincial of the Redemptorist Order; Rev. Henry Danenhauer, Rector of St. James' Catholic Church, and Rev. Thomas Lee of the Cathedral.

As the Most Reverend celebrant and his retinue of assistants and attendants entered at 10.45 o'clock, the joyful strains of Mendelssohn's Prelude in C filled the temple with its richness. The scene in the sanctuary was such as has been rarely witnessed within the walls of St. Ignatius' Church. The imposing appearance of the Most Rev. Archbishop in his Pontifical robes, the assisting clergy in gold chasuble and dalmatics, the numerous array of attendants,

and the beautifully illumined altar, united in forming a spectacle of surpassing grandeur.

The orator of the day was Rev. Wm. F. Clarke, S. J., who was one of the first novices at the Novitiate after the foundation of the Maryland Province. His text was taken from the Eighty-eighth Psalm, 6th verse: "Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance, and in Thy name they shall rejoice all the day."

[The sermon is given *in extenso*, occupying four columns of the *Mirror*. Some extracts from the narrative portion of the discourse are here subjoined, which contain a large amount of historical information, compressed into small space,—information concerning the Society not easily attainable elsewhere.]

"Catholicity in Maryland and the Jesuits were identified from the advent of the *Ark* and the *Dove* to the death of Archbishop Neale, in 1817. At Bohemia, the name of our farm and residence, in Cecil county, Maryland, in the only Catholic school in this country, John Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton were prepared by our Fathers for the collegiate course which they made in Europe. John Carroll entered the Jesuits' Novitiate at St. Omer's in 1753, was ordained in 1759, became a professed Father in 1771, returned to America in 1774, was Vicar-Apostolic, with power to administer Confirmation, in 1784, and in 1790 was consecrated Bishop of Baltimore, the limits of his diocese being the boundaries of the United States. As the first missionary in this country was a Jesuit, so the first Bishop and Archbishop of this country was a Jesuit, and the second Archbishop of this country, Most Rev. Leonard Neale, was a Jesuit. Their signatures appear, with those of other Jesuits, on our books as trustees of our property in Maryland and Pennsylvania until the respective death of each. Hence the body incorporated by the Assembly of Maryland to administer the property of the Jesuits was entitled simply the "Roman Catholic Clergymen."

"Archbishop Carroll wished to have for his coadjutor and

successor, first, Fr. Molyneux and then Fr Gressel, both Jesuits. Fr. Molyneux, declined, and Fr. Gressel died at Philadelphia, a victim of charity, during the yellow fever in 1793. So Archbishop Neale offered the nomination of co-adjutor and successor to several Jesuits, but all declined.

"This city was indebted to the Jesuits for the faith, and the facilities of practising and enjoying it until the close of Archbishop Neale's administration, and partially so indebted after that period. Here, indeed, were the Sulpitians from 1791. But their labors were almost exclusively confined to the education of subjects for the sacred ministry, in which, thank God, they are still zealously and successfully occupied. Nearly 140 years ago, when this now beautiful city was a little village, too poor to support a resident priest, a Jesuit Father from White Marsh, in Prince George's county, visited it regularly, celebrated Mass and administered the Sacraments. In 1784, Fr. Charles Sewall was stationed here. Fr. John Carroll joined him in 1786. Fr. Francis Beeston was here from 1794 to 1805. Fr. Enoch Fenwick, who built the present cathedral, was rector of old St. Peter's, then the Cathedral, from 1808 to 1820, and Fr. Wm. Beschter was pastor, from 1821 to 1829, of old St. John's, which stood where now is St. Alphonsus'. But from 1829 to 1849 the Jesuit was unseen in Baltimore, save as a pilgrim, and might exclaim as did holy Job: "They that knew me, have forgotten me. They that dwelt in my house have counted me as a stranger" (Job xix, 14, 15). In 1849, Archbishop Eccleston welcomed the Jesuits back to the scene of their labors, the old homestead of their Carroll and their Neale. I had the pleasure of opening my pastorate at St. Joseph's, in this city, informing our Very Rev. Father General of that Archbishop's uniform kindness to us, and the happiness of being, by commission of the General, the bearer of his compliments and thanks to the Archbishop. At the invitation of his successor, Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, our Fathers opened Loyola College, in Baltimore, September 15, 1852.

"When the Mission of Maryland became a Province, July

8, 1833, Rev. William McSherry was appointed Provincial. Of him it is related that when he was an infant in his mother's arms, a mysterious voice from mid-air bade her take special care of that child, for he would be of service to the Church of God. He admitted me to the Novitiate shortly after his accession to office, and consequently I was well acquainted with him and with his successors, and I know something of the history of the Province. But that history I do not propose to rehearse. I would merely and briefly call your attention to the wondrous change wrought not in the Province only, but in the Church in this country, and in the country itself. Fifty years ago the Province of Maryland was confined to the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia. Now, besides Maryland, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, it includes New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Then there were but six Catholic colleges in the United States: one-half of them were in the Diocese of Baltimore, and two of the six were Jesuit Colleges—the present Universities of Georgetown, District of Columbia, and St. Louis, Missouri. Then our Province had but one college, now it has nine. Then we had but four city churches, now we have 17. In the Province then there were only 38 priests, now there are 211; then 17 scholastics or candidates for the sacred ministry, now 156; then 30 lay brothers, now 173; the total then being 85; the total now 540.

"Whereas in 1833 there were but ten dioceses in the United States—but one of these dioceses comprised all the New England States, another all the country west of the Mississippi—there are now 63 dioceses and eight Vicariates-Apostolic. Then there were 12 Bishops, two of them being coadjutors; now there are a Cardinal, 13 Archbishops and 59 Bishops. Then there were scarce 250 priests, and a Catholic population of half a million; now there are more than 6,500 priests, 7,400 churches and chapels, 31 ecclesiastical seminaries, 81 colleges, 580 academies, 275 asylums, 185 hospitals, and a Catholic population of nearly 7,000,000.

"Of all the Prelates and priests who attended the first

Council of Baltimore, only one is now living, the Archbishop of Cincinnati; and of all who were members of the Jesuit Mission of Maryland when it became a Province, July 8, 1833, only four are living, three who were priests—Fathers Finnigan, Havermans and Curley—and one who was a novice, Fr. Ward, now of Loyola College."

At the termination of Mass the Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, by virtue of the privilege granted him by the Holy Father, bestowed upon the large congregation the Papal Benediction, which brought the impressive ceremonies to a close; and as the procession left the sanctuary the choir sang with excellent effect Handel's "Alleluia Chorus," with orchestral accompaniment. The music was of unusual excellence, the Mass selected being Haydn's Imperial in D, which was sung by a choir of sixty voices, supported by an orchestra of twenty pieces, under the leadership of Prof. E. G. Hurley, the organist and director of St. Ignatius' choir. The effect throughout was of the grandest order, and most apposite to the solemnity of the festival. Before the sermon, *Veni Creator*, by Buehler, was superbly given, and at the Offertory, *Alma Virgo*, by Hummel, was sung.

ST. ALOYSIUS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(*From the National Republican.*)

St. Aloysius' Church was crowded yesterday by thousands anxious to take part in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Jesuit Province of Maryland.

Over the high altar burned in letters of living light the motto of the Society of Jesus: "*Ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*" On both sides hung a series of flags and banners—the papal colors, the stars and stripes, the flag of Maryland, banners emblazoned with the images of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, etc.

Over the tabernacle stood the seal of the Society, surmounted by a cross, both of natural flowers.

The seal was six feet in diameter, composed in the back-

ground of lycopodiums, the body of pure carnations, the border of calla lilies, the rays of yellow roses, and the nails and cross of red and crimson carnations, all surmounted by a cross at least three feet in height of white carnations and calla lilies. The altar itself was tastefully decorated with St. Joseph and calla lilies, while here and throughout the sanctuary rose clumps of camellias and palms. The musical portion of the services was very judicious in selection and really splendid in execution. The chorus singing was massive and artistic, with that nice attention to crescendos and pianos which is needed to make a chorus perfect.

The church from the sanctuary railing to the street door was crowded, the aisles being also filled, while many could not gain entrance.

Taken all in all, the solemnity at St. Aloysius' yesterday was perhaps the grandest in all its details which that church has ever known.

The sermon by Fr. Murphy, was a very brief one, but, at the same time, very full of matter. He spoke the thoughts suggested by the occasion, and explained their meaning and their drift. Blazing, said he, in splendor above our altar to-day, you read what is at once the watchword and battle-cry of the Society of Jesus, "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*" For the greater honor and glory of God, Ignatius, the soldier saint of Loyola, marshaled his little band in the beginning. With this motto on their banner, and with its prompting in their hearts, they went forward, nobly fighting, nothing fearing, fully confiding, to the conflict which the Lord had summoned them to engage in, and through the chances and the changes of three centuries in the past of men. For this same "greater honor and glory of God" the sons of Ignatius have lived and labored and gone to their account. Like Him whose name the Company bears, and whose monogram you see engraven in rich crimson flowers above the tabernacle, the Society of Jesus has had days of darkness as well as days of glory. In early infancy it was marked with the sign of the cross, and no matter how splendid were its achievements, no matter what triumphs it won

in the field of letters, theology and missionary enterprise, the weight of the cross was always heavy upon it. Like Jesus Himself it had its Palm Sunday, when Xavier, rivaling the glories of the first apostles, traversed with apostolic zeal the distant Indies and Japan; when Suarez and Bellarmine astonished the schools of Europe by the brilliancy of their genius, and when, in 1633, the Jesuit Andrew White, friend and adviser of Lord Calvert, helped to plant the standard of civil and religious liberty in the soil of Maryland. In such days hosannas were abundant and songs triumphant rang aloud, but darker days were coming on apace. Good Friday was close in the wake of Palm Sunday; and the Society of Jesus, the victim of calumny and corrupt intrigue—the target of designing Pombal and brazen Pompadour—was pursued as a disturber of the peace and a fomenter of sedition; was hounded on to death and laid in a grave which, like the grave of Jesus Christ, was not inglorious. Gloom, it is true, had settled over it, but the quickened eye of faith could pierce the cloud and read the legend of hope: "I will arise again." And the day of glorious resurrection did come, and one of the first of the nations of the world to give a welcome and a home to the re-established Society was the young republic of the West that had won her right to freedom by fighting for it under the banner of the stars and stripes. Washington himself offered his prayer of thanks in the old Jesuit church of Philadelphia, and was glad to honor with his majestic presence the Jesuit professors and students who thronged the classic halls of old Georgetown college. He then spoke of the general encouragement which the Jesuits received in the United States. They were no longer looked upon as enemies to civilization and liberty, no longer denounced by crafty statesmen, no longer loaded with chains and led to prison or the stake. They were assimilated into the organism of the nascent republic. They labored for her welfare and God's glory. Their schools and colleges spontaneously multiplied, until superiors at Rome felt that the time had come to reward the good wishes of the people by raising

the Mission of Maryland to the rank of a Province of the Society of Jesus, in 1833; and aptly, too, one of the sons of old Maryland—one of those whose ancestors had battled for religious liberty in the past—was chosen to be its head.

From that time during the last fifty years, owing to the kindness and encouragement of the faithful, the Province has increased and multiplied, having in view ever the motto of Ignatius, the glory of God and salvation of man. And to-day we come forward to return you thanks for your kindness to us in the past, and beg your prayers that we may be faithful to the example left us by our Fathers in the past, that we may carry out the designs of Ignatius to the glory of God and your salvation.

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

(*From the St. Mary's Beacon.*)

The day was commemorated in St. Aloysius' Church by a High Mass, Rev. Father Jenkins officiating and Rev. Fr. Swagers preaching the sermon from the text: — "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a mustard seed." He spoke of St. Ignatius, his life and labors; of the works of the Society in every land *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam;* of Father White and the early Maryland Mission; of the suppression and restoration of the Society. He told how the Mission grew, until in 1833, fifty years ago, it was formed into a Province; how the Province grew and sent out Missionaries to other States; how six young Belgians entered the Novitiate at Whitemarsh, and what a glorious destiny God had for them; how they became in 1823, the Founders of the Missouri Province, and he rejoiced that he had known them all; finally, bringing down the history to our own day, how the Maryland and New York Provinces were united. After speaking of the labors of the Jesuits in Maryland, and particularly in our own county, the Rev. Father in conclusion, expressed the hope, that his hearers "might lead happy lives here and one day might meet their Teachers before the throne of God."

The choir sang the *Kyrie*, *Gloria* and *Credo* from Concone's Mass, and the *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* from Mercadante's. At the Benediction, the *Te Deum* was chanted. This, in our memory, was the first time that this great Hymn of Thanksgiving was ever sung in St. Aloysius' Church.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

(*Compiled from the Ledger, Press, Inquirer, and Catholic Standard.*)

Five notable events were commemorated yesterday in old St. Joseph's Church, in Willing's Alley. The occasion was the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Province of Maryland of the Society of Jesus, the feast of the Patronage St. Joseph, the 250th anniversary of the establishment of the Jesuit Missions in America, the 150th anniversary of the building of St. Joseph's Church, and the fiftieth anniversary of its restoration to the followers of St. Ignatius.

The dusky walls of this venerable edifice, standing in the midst of what was once a graveyard, but is now a closely built block of business houses, surrounded on all sides by the busy hum of coal, railroad and iron men all the week, have still a solemn charm peculiarly their own. The first Jesuit church on this spot was built just 150 years ago, the Jesuit Fathers then taking up their abode in the rectory whose walls stand now as solidly as when built in 1730. This same church edifice has been built and torn down twice, each time proving too small for the necessities of the Fathers, until fifty years ago yesterday it was finally rebuilt and given back to the Jesuits.

No efforts were spared to make the solemnity of the ceremonies worthy of the occasion, and the observance appropriate. The sanctuary, but especially the high altar, was richly adorned, and excellent taste was shown in the selection and arrangement of the flowers.

Entering the church, after passing the two confessionals on the right, a shrine of the Blessed Virgin was reached, in front of which were flowers and a burning gas jet.

Then came a life-sized image of St. Joseph with the infant Jesus in his arms, and a corona of burning gas jets above his brows. Then came the great altar, with its more elaborate floral decorations and illuminations, a great bell resting on each corner of the altar and two magnificent candelabra, with blazing candles throwing a soft glow over all. Above the altar and high up toward the dusk of the ceiling was another corona of gas jets, bearing the name "Jesus" in letters of flame.

The celebrant of the Solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock was the Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, pastor of St. Agatha's, Revs. A. Romano, S. J., and Francis O'Neill, S. J., being Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and the pastor, Rev. Fr. Ardia, S. J., Master of Ceremonies.

The St. Cecilia Mass, composed by C. Wels, was very effectively sung, under the leadership of Prof. M. F. Aledo, director of the choir, Madame Aledo presiding at the organ. The composition, a very fine one, was produced for the first time in Philadelphia at St. Joseph's Church, on Easter Sunday last, and its repetition yesterday added materially to the impressiveness of the celebration.

The Rev. F. X. Schnuttgen, C. SS. R., Rector of St. Boniface's Church, preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion, alluding particularly to the Jesuits' great success in the dissemination of the Gospel and the establishment of schools, colleges, etc., since their first entrance into the United States. He also dilated on several of the more prominent episodes in the life of St. Joseph, who, he said, was an effulgent beacon light for all Christians to pattern after who desired to conform to the will of God and advance towards perfection in serving him and obeying his commands.

The hymn of St. Ignatius was sung at the conclusion of the Mass, after which the large assemblage dispersed.

In the afternoon Solemn Vespers were sung, Rev. J. B. Guida, S. J., of East Denver, Col., being Celebrant as well as orator. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Guida, and the service was concluded by the singing of the *Te Deum*.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(*From the Catholic Visitor.*)

It was a happy day for Providence that witnessed the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the introduction of Jesuits' missionary labor into this country. Not that this city can claim the quarter of the millennium that marks the existence of the Jesuits in this land, but it, in common with the other cities which enjoy the presence of these evangelical Fathers in their midst, can be conscious of the multiform benefits which the Jesuit Order has bestowed upon Providence and elsewhere. A mere traveller in that part of the municipality in which the Reverend Fathers have taken their abode can not fail to be stricken with the improvements that the introduction of their Order has created. The schools, which were certainly needed in St. Joseph's parish, are now opened and, better than all, they promise to be eminently successful. The societies have multiplied in number, while there is no doubt that a deeper religious sentiment pervades the whole Catholic community of the parish.

In the Jesuit celebration, which occurred last Sunday, there was not the least deviation from tenets which the Church ordinarily teaches. There may have been more display, more ostentation; but the faith which prompted the observance in all the grandeur it obtained here in the city, was identical with the belief that filled the hedges of Ireland with worshippers and which, long before the Green Isle became famous, heard with attentive ears, the mysteries of the crucifixion celebrated in prayer and song.

But of the Jesuits, and of their stay here in our city, what shall we say? That they have proved a blessing and a benediction in many ways cannot be denied. That their presence here in Providence has awakened warmer feelings of religion can hardly be controverted. Therefore it is only right that the Catholics of this city should rejoice in the anniversary of the Order which has brought them so many spiritual benefits. Nor be it thought that in mentioning

this city there is intent to refer merely to the district in which, and Providence, the Jesuit fathers are stationed. Their presence in the city has been felt in places their feet have never trod. The echoes of their voices, like that of Longfellow's clock, which ticked "never and forever" are heard through all the streets and inculcate the sublimest doctrine.

(*From the Evening Bulletin.*)

The Jesuits were introduced into the Diocese of Providence in 1877, through Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, who gave St. Joseph's Church to their charge. During this short period their influence has been widely felt, not alone in their own parish, but in all parts of the city. St. Joseph's Church, under Rev. Fr. Cleary's pastorate, has become one of the most beautiful sacred edifices in the diocese, and compares very favorably with the older churches in the United States. The parish is the youngest in the New York-Maryland Province and one of the most important and promising. Although a Jesuit college has not yet been founded, the grammar and high school is one of the best of Catholic parochial schools, and in the near future steps will be taken to found a college.

Saturday, April 7th, a Novena was commenced in St. Joseph's Church as a preparation for the feast of yesterday, and to which, by special favor, a plenary indulgence was granted to all who faithfully complied with the conditions. Yesterday a large congregation attended the impressive services that commemorated the Jubilee in this city. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock with the Rev. W. B. Cleary, S. J., officiating as celebrant; Rev. Fr. Sheerin, S. J., Deacon; Rev. Fr. Nagle, sub-Deacon, and Rev. C. Hughes, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Master of Ceremonies. The sanctuary decorations were as profuse as possible to be in keeping with the richness of the altar and surroundings. The pinnacles and arches of the altar were decorated with bands of laurel, arranged as on Easter Sunday by Mr. Edward Seagrave. Plants and choice cut flow-

ers added their choice perfumes to the brilliant display of light which flooded the sanctuary, and in particular near the close of the services, during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The discourse was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, after the singing of the "Veni Creator Spiritus."

He began by speaking of devotion to the saints. The first portion of the discourse treated of devotion to St. Joseph, during which he said:

"The first Jesuit Fathers that came north placed all the churches they built under the Patronage of St. Joseph. In Quebec three hundred years ago a little church bore the name of Joseph, and with churches and institutions the name of Joseph has always been associated. The first of the Hurons that came to be baptized received the name of Joseph, and the first of the Iroquois that came to be married took Joseph as his name."

After exhorting his hearers to confidence in the protection of him whose patronal feast they honored, he spoke of the special event which was celebrated:

"Together with the great feast of St. Joseph celebrated to-day, there is a solemn event commemorated, the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the Jesuit Province of Maryland; 250 years of a history of the greatest religious order that God has permitted to exist in the world. It is a history that no other order could furnish, no matter whether we consider the work accomplished by them, the men produced or the enemies overcome. It had the good will of heaven from its foundation. The Society was founded by St. Ignatius Loyola during the time of the Reformation. It was during his attendance at the university of Paris that he prevailed upon seven fellow-students to adopt his example, abandon all worldly pleasures and band themselves together to stem that dreadful torrent that threatened to pour down in violence upon the world. Year by year they increased in numbers, until within a hundred years they are found everywhere throughout the world, ever ready to shed their blood

for their faith. At the very foundation, when kneeling together, they made their solemn vows that God might never leave them without persecution. In Asia, China, Japan, South America, everywhere, they had enemies, who succeeded in suppressing them for awhile. The Province of Maryland has never been suppressed, but has continued, practically speaking, in unbroken succession. The charges preferred against them and for which they died martyrs were never proved. At one time they were the head of all the colleges and universities which were the most renowned institutions of learning. They have been the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen and the Order is the most eminent in the Church to-day. The order will not pass away. You may kill a Jesuit, yet he will not die, but live forever. It is now driven out of France and other countries, its churches and colleges given to the infidel sway. France, poor France, in her dire condition banishes God's holiest servants from her realm. To-day you have plenty to think of,—this great community in its rejoicing,—and St. Joseph."

The Bishop imparted his blessing at the end of Mass, which was followed by the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. During the exposition, "O Salutaris Hostia" was sung, the concluding prayers of the novena said and then the chanting of the "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for the favors conferred during these years. During the chanting of the "Te Deum" the officiating clergy and vast congregation remained standing. The singing of "Tantum Ergo" and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by Fr. Cleary concluded the lengthy and interesting services.

The chorus was enlarged for the occasion, and sang parts of Mozart's 12th, Generali's and Mercadante's Masses. At the Offertory, Lambillotte's "Alleluia Chorus" was sung. At the end of Mass, the trio "O Salutaris," the "Te Deum," full chorus, and the duet, "Tantum Ergo," Rossi, were rendered with good effect.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

(*From the New York Times.*)

The services in St. Francis Xavier's Church yesterday were elaborate. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Frisbee, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College. Fr. Thiry was Deacon and the Rev. Mr. Hart acted as Sub-Deacon. The special music for the occasion consisted of a new Mass by Greith composed in honor of St. Joseph, and was sung by the full choir of the church, accompanied by an orchestra, in addition to the great organ. The Rev. Fr. Fulton then preached the sermon, speaking of the hardships and persecutions which the Jesuits underwent in the early days of their mission in this country, and traced their continued growth in power and numbers, especially in the Maryland district, which he said was the mother of many missions in the West which had even outgrown her in numbers. The missions were now in a prosperous condition, and of the work in New York city St. Francis Xavier's College and the great church in Sixteenth street was an evident proof. Afterward, the procession passed through the church, and the services closed with a *Te Deum.*

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

(*From the Pilot.*)

Special services were also held at St. Mary's, Endicott street. The Celebrant of the Solemn High Mass was the Rev. Fr. Duncan; Deacon, Fr. Reid; Sub-Deacon, Father Holland; Master of Ceremonies, Fr. Byrne. The Rev. Theodore Metcalf, of Beverly, preached a masterly discourse on the history of the Society, and eulogized Loyola and his faithful followers for their zeal in the conversion of the heathen and the education of the young. The choir sang Mercadante's Mass.

ST. THOMAS', CHARLES CO., MD.

(*From the Port Tobacco Times.*)

The services at St. Thomas' Church last Sunday, were marked with a solemnity rarely witnessed in that church. The altars were most beautifully and tastefully decorated with candles and flowers, the altar of St. Joseph especially, whose feast also occurred on that day, being particularly striking for the great degree of care and taste that had been bestowed on its embellishment. Rev. A. P. Keating, pastor of the congregation, celebrated the Mass. The choir under the direction of Mrs. Nicholas Stonestreet and Miss Eliza Jenkins, the accomplished organist, rendered Borlese's Mass in a manner that was highly creditable, and deserves more than a passing notice. The parts were all well sustained, the choruses grand, and under the able direction of the leader all was as accurate as could be wished. At the Offertory, the "Regina Cœli" was sung by the full choir, and as the sweet words of the music from the well-trained voices blending so harmoniously with the soft, deep tones of the organ, under a master's touch, rose in rich cadence on the air and were borne by the rippling wavelets of sound to every part of the old church, it seemed to us that every heart should be touched and every head bowed in thanksgiving to Him who had allowed us to see the 250th anniversary of the establishment of His Church in "My Maryland." "Tantum Ergo" was sung by full choir, and at the conclusion of the services the "Te Deum," the glorious hymn of thanksgiving and praise, was sung by full choir. The sermon, or rather a lecture appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. E. Connolly. It was such a masterly effort, evinced such deep and careful thought and study, and abounds in so many historical reminiscences that are of local interest, that we lay it before our readers elsewhere in to-day's issue. It occupies considerable of our space, but after a perusal we are sure an apology for devoting our space to it will be superfluous.

We give some extracts from the discourse :—

"The commemoration of an event so important, so significant of the progress made by the Catholic religion in this country, as early as fifty years ago, would be inadequate, if it did not embrace the panegyric of the faith, the devotion, the self-sacrifice of the pastors and people who won so glorious a triumph for the church in the new world, of men who came across the seas bearing with them the seed of the faith, and carefully tended the sapling that sprang from that seed, until it grew into a very great tree, whose branches cover all the land, and under whose shadow millions of souls find refreshment and rest.

"It would be an honor to be permitted to preach the panegyric of these men on such an occasion as this in any place or in any temple. It is an honor and a privilege to be permitted to preach it here, here in the very home of some of the first colonists of Maryland, in the place which witnessed the labors of Father White, the Apostle of Maryland, for the conversion of the Indians, which bears testimony to the zeal of Fathers William and George Hunter in the earlier days, and to that of the Neales, and of Father Wiget in later times.

"But not only this. It is an honor and a privilege to be permitted to commemorate the first formation of the Province here, in the very Church where Fr. McSherry, the first Provincial, offered the holy sacrifice every day during the early years of his administration. Such an honor and such a privilege have fallen to my fortune—I had said good fortune, did I not feel myself unequal to the task which this honor and privilege involve; for not every man is fitted to pronounce the eulogy of the heroic band who first came hither over seas. But this also I feel, that I have been exalted by being thought of in any way in connection with such a theme, and this feeling of exaltation is the only qualification I can bring to the task for which I have been chosen. Let me say, too, that for another reason it would have been more fitting that the praise of the Jesuit pastors of your fathers and of yourselves should come from other

lips than mine. For I, also, though most unworthy of such a grace, am a priest of the Society of Jesus, and while eulogizing my brethren who have gone before, I may, by implication, appear to praise myself. Not necessarily so, I think; for the last recruit who joined the old Maryland Line for the reason that he took a manly pride in their valor, did not, after his enlistment, boast by inference of his own courage, merely because he found delight in praising theirs. He had boasted of them in the same way long before, as a boy; and it would have been hard to deprive him after he had joined, of a pleasure which may have been the noblest inspiration of his youth.

"So, too, these Jesuit Fathers, these devoted pastors of yours and of the men from whom some of you are descended, these men of the Company of Jesus, whose shoe-thongs I am unworthy that I may loose, were honored and venerated before my day, as they will always be honored in the after time; and so, too, it would be hard if I should be deprived, now, that, through God's favor, I am one of their number, of a right which I enjoyed and exercised with the keenest relish in the days of my boyhood. It may be admitted then, I think, that a priest of the Society of Jesus may praise the noble sons whom the Society has produced, without seeming to arrogate any part of that praise unto himself.

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"There were twenty Jesuits on the Maryland Mission at the time of the suppression. Afterwards eleven more, natives of Maryland, returned from abroad, making the total number 31. Within the space of thirty years, 18 of these had died, and of the 13 who still survived, 10 never lost the hope of dying in the restored Society. They continued, as Secular priests, to attend to the ministry with all the heart that was left to them, although they felt not any more the inspiration which had, in happier days, soldered them together in firm fellowship of heart and hand. They had waited ten, twenty, thirty years and more, their dim eyes always straining towards the hoped-for restoration. Four of them by authority received from Russia renewed their vows in 1806,

an act which bore witness to their devotion, but probably did not reconstitute them canonically as Jesuits.—Set a plant upon a shelf within doors, before the window-pane, and its leaves turn to the light, its branches bend towards the light, it becomes warped with its reaching for the light, and all of it seems dead except what sees the light. So it was with these venerable men. They were out of place, set upon a shelf, and all the life that was in them turned towards the hope, and grew towards the hope of the restoration.

"Of those ten who had kept the hope of the restoration, all except three had passed away before the brief of Pius VII. reconstituting the Society was promulgated. Two of the surviving three, John Carroll and Leonard Neale, the Archbishop and the Coadjutor Archbishop of Baltimore, could not be permitted to abandon their charge. Only one was left to be the link between the old and new. He was one of those who had renewed their vows in 1806, and now, at last, in 1815, clasping on either hand the outstretched palms of the old Society and the new, he raises his eyes to heaven and thanks God for vouchsafing to grant the blessing he has been asking for more than forty years. This man was of a family which has given eight of its sons to the Society of Jesus. His name was Charles Neale of Charles county, Maryland.

"My brethren, if you should ever hear the calumny repeated that the religious life in the Catholic Church is one of weariness, and pain, and agony of mind, or that the life of the cloister is a life of coercion, tell this story of the old Maryland Jesuits.

"Now what was it that made these feeble veterans, who had been scarcely able to totter over the threshold of the present century — what was it that made them care to have the Company of Jesus formed anew? The reason of it, I think, was this: They could not forget the old discipline in which they had been trained, always to strive for what is best and noblest; and, in their view, the best and noblest thing was to give, under vow, themselves

and all they had to God, in that same fellowship wherein they knew from experience that their powers had been multiplied for good. And they wished this benefit not for themselves only, but for others also; they wished it for the sake of the Church. Their watchword had been, "All for the greater glory of God," and this cry was still ringing in their ears. What though their blood ran chill, the old spirit still tingled along the courses of their veins. It was with them as it had been in former days with those who had followed the banners of Godfrey de Bouillon or of St. Louis in the cause of Christendom. What though the old Crusader's arm were now too feeble to couch a lance, he still could train younger knights, or elevate their thoughts with talk of noble deeds, of gallant feats of arms; or if not this, he could at least, out of love for the old cause, die in the old mail, which he wore when he first went forth under the pennon of the cross. And although they nearly all passed away, with their desire unfulfilled in themselves, their constant prayers may have brought about the fulfilment of it in the persons of other men. But whatever may be the case, it is most true, that the good name they won, lived after them. We have been told how the Spanish cavaliers of old time gained victories over the Moors by buckling his armor about the dead Cid and setting him on his charger in their army's van, as if he had come once more to lead the Christian host—so, too, under the prestige of the old Jesuits' name, later and younger men have found it easier to advance the cause of the faith.

"Of these venerable men Charles county had given, as it had given from the first, more than its due proportion. The records left by the early Jesuits in Maryland are few, for they did not care to say much about themselves or their good deeds. However, in catalogues of the Society of Jesus, I find the following Charles county surnames: Smallwood, Lewis, Neale, Diggs, Mattingly, Matthews, Floyd, Semmes, Boarman, Jenkins, Pile, Doyne, Mudd, Edelin, Stonestreet, Lancaster, Brookes. These historic names tell better than tablets of perishable stone of the faith and de-

votion of St. Thomas' children. It was no wonder that so many generous men should be produced in a community comparatively few in numbers. They had been born among high minded and devout Catholics, and here their childhood had been passed. The nobleness of their origin, the inspiration of their environment, would not suffer them to be less than noble themselves.

"The men of the older time could point out the scenes where Father White spent himself in his labors for the Indians. Those of later days breathed the atmosphere made fragrant by the virtues of the Carmelites near by, whose lives of penance, like the leaves of the sweet briar, scattered their odors over all the country side. They could hear the old bell of St. Thomas' calling, calling on them to come and pray and bear witness to their faith and the faith of their fathers. This church was to them a memorial of the generosity and liberality of their sires in the cause of the faith, as the story of its restoration will be to your children, my brethren, a memorial of yours. If these old walls of English brick had the power of utterance, what a tale they could tell of the piety of pastors and people.

"God's providence, my brethren, chose your ancestors to be the seed of this great harvest. Think of how vast the harvest is throughout the whole country! For the Jesuits in the United States with their congregations, only form a small fraction of the pastors and people. God is called a husbandman in the gospel. It is the part of a good husbandman to choose good seed for the sowing, that he may have a good harvest. The seed this good husbandman chose, to produce a great harvest of souls, were the pastors and people of 250 years ago; that is to say, the 8,000,000 of Catholics now in the United States are the harvest of the Maryland seed. They, your fathers, my brethren, did their part; and hitherto you have done yours, keeping the faith steadfastly and well. So may you keep it always, and thus show yourselves to be the worthy product of the good seed, thus render yourselves worthy of God's continued blessings.

God has indeed blessed you in many ways; but in no way so conspicuously as in your pastors. I shall recall them to you one by one, accurately as I have been able to procure their names, not always perhaps in the exact order in which they come. In the early days Fathers White and Altham and Copley and Morgan and Rigby had much to do with the Indians and settlers near St. Thomas' Manor. After them the most conspicuous name is that of Fr. Wm. Hunter of whom we hear often about the year 1704. In 1750, Fr. George Hunter shows himself a zealous and able advocate of the rights of the Catholic colonists. Then come Charles and Francis Neale, Epinette, Cousinne, Combs, Francis Neale, a second time, Mudd, Lilly, Powers, Barber, Barrister, Vicinanza, Wiget, a second time, and, alas, that we should have to say it, for the last time. They do not answer to my call; only the breath that breathes a soul into clay can fan their ashes into life. But there will come a day when the Son of Man, whom they faithfully served, will descend from heaven, clothed with the majesty of God, and a voice stronger than a mortal voice shall summon their souls back to their dust, and the angel who keeps the roster of those who have fought the good fight, will call this same roll which I now read, and, as we trust, shall bid those who bore them stand on the right hand of God."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

(*Compiled from the Baltimore Sun and Washington Post.*)

The closing event in the commemorative celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the Jesuit Province of Maryland took place yesterday at the College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md., the scholasticate of the Order in North America. At 6 A. M. a Solemn High Mass was celebrated, at which all the community received Holy Communion, thus conforming with the conditions for gaining the indulgence granted by the Papal rescript. The Very Rev. Robert Fulton, Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province, was Celebrant of the Mass; Rev. S.

Frisbee, President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, Deacon; Rev. P. F. Dealy, President of St. John's College, Fordham, New York, Sub-Deacon; Rev. J. Henry Sandaal, Master of Ceremonies. The music of the Mass was Mozart's "Kyrie" and "Sanctus", Rosewig's "Gloria" and "Credo," Winter's "Ave Maria," Weber's "Benedictus" and Mercadante's "Agnus Dei."

The early morning train brought a number of visitors, who together with the community made the largest reunion of members of the Society ever assembled at one time or place within the limits of the United States. Those who honored the celebration with their presence were: Very Rev. Robert Fulton, Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province; Very Rev. Leopold Bushart, Provincial of the Missouri Province; Very Rev. John Lessmann, Superior of the Mission of Buffalo; Rev. Peter Racicot, Socius of the New York-Maryland Provincial; Rev. James Perron, Frederick; Rev. P. F. Dealy, President of St. John's College, Fordham, New York; Rev. S. Frisbee, President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York; Rev. A. J. Tisdall, Master of Novices, Frederick; Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, President of Boston College; Rev. E. A. McGurk, President of Loyola College, Baltimore; Rev. E. D. Boone, President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. J. Murphy, President of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Rev. John McQuaid, President of St. Peter's College, Jersey City; Rev. W. H. Duncan, St. Mary's Church, Boston; Rev. W. F. Clarke, Rev. Thomas Hayes, Loyola College, Baltimore; Rev. R. W. Brady, St. Peter's Church, Jersey City; Rev. J. B. Emig, Conewago, Pa.; Rev. Joseph Ardia, St. Joseph's, Philadelphia; Rev. Burchard Villager, Church of the Gesù, Philadelphia; Rev. C. K. Jenkins, Leonardtown, Md.; Rev. J. P. M. Schleuter, St. Joseph's, Washington; Rev. D. O'Kane, St. Mary's, Alexandria, Va.; Rev. J. A. Morgan, St. Mary's, Boston; Rev. H. St. C. Denny, St. Aloysius', Washington; Rev. P. H. Toner, New York; Rev. A. P. Keating, Charles county, Md.; Rev. J. Pye Neal, St. Inigoes, Md.; Rev. F. W. Gockeln, Worcester College,

Mass.; Rev. H. Kavanagh, St. Mary's, Boston; Rev. L. Vigilante, St. Inigoes, Md.

At 10 o'clock a literary and musical entertainment was given in the library of the college, in which a raised platform had been erected. Around its base were massed choice potted flowers and plants from the college conservatory. On one side was a life-size statue of St. Ignatius, and on the other side of St. Aloysius, placed beneath canopies of blue and cardinal. Over the rear centre of the stage, in the attitude of ascending, was an American eagle, with the legend "1633" in its beak. Prominent in the background were the portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, and paintings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary.

The order of exercises was as follows:

"ACROSS THE WAVE OUR FATHERS SAIL:" QUARTETTE—Rossini

SUPPRESSION AND RESTORATION..... REV. R. S. DEWEY

EARLY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN NEW YORK AND MARYLAND} H. VAN RENSSELAER

FORTES CREANTUR FORTIBUS ET BONIS..... J. A. BUCKLEY

PRAISE OF THE SOLDIER: DOUBLE QUARTETTE—Boieldieu

BEFORE THE UNION..... D. O'SULLIVAN

A FEW TRIALS..... REV. J. A. CONWAY

"WATCHMAN THROUGH THE DREARY NIGHT:" DUETT—Donizetti

THE PERIOD OF CHANGE..... W. P. BRETT

EARLY INDIAN MISSIONS..... J. T. HEDRICK

SONG OF THE PIONEERS..... C. J. CLIFFORD

THE RUINED CHAPEL: DOUBLE QUARTETTE—Becker

THE HOUSE OF STUDIES..... J. J. A. BECKET

FROM RETROSPECT TO PROSPECT.....REV. E. CONNOLLY

ARISE NEW SUN: QUARTETTE—Rossini

A. D. 1634—1733.

Across the wave our Fathers sail;
Sorrow is for a night:
Their hope long waiting may not fail,
Joy cometh with the light.

They love their land of Mary: night
Drops down again more drear:
Brave hearts, hope on, await the light,—
At darkest, dawn is near

A. D. 1773—1805.

Watchmen through the dreary night,
See, amid the gloom that shrouds
Earth and heaven with blackest clouds,
Glory opens on your sight.

—Glorious visions far away,
Through the rifts amid the gloom
There where darkest clouds uploom,
Onward sweep to endless day.

—O ye toilers! night drops down;
Fold your all unwearied hands!
But, athwart the thronging lands,
Shines a newer day and crown:

—Crown that, at the close of day,
When with folded hands again
You shall fare from haunts of men,
Brightens out and far away.

—Fadeth not again to night?
No, but to the endless rest:
For the life that sets to west,
Eastward breaks in perfect Light.

A. D. 1805–'33–'83.

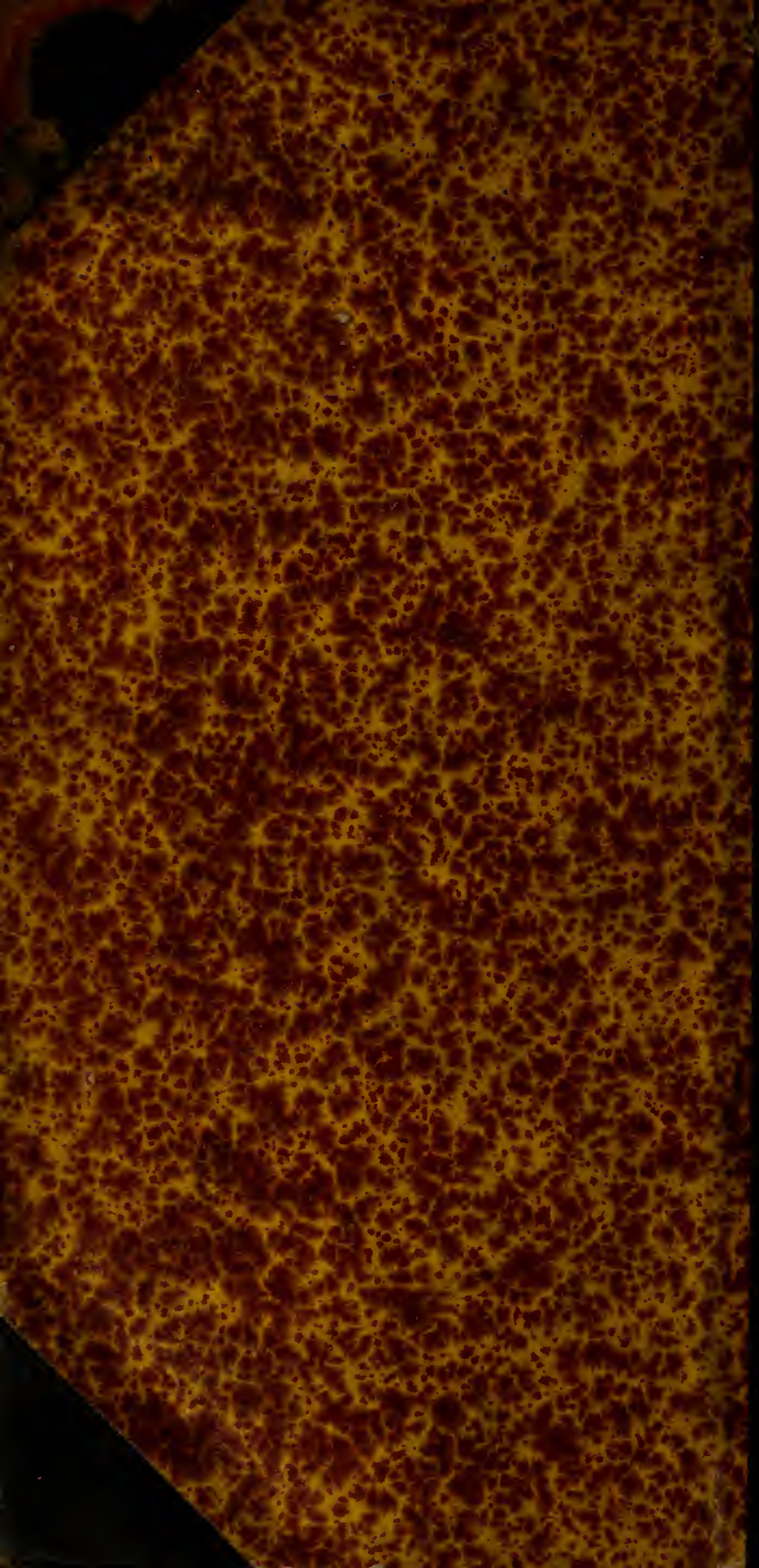
Hearts sick with waiting long, behold!
Past is the turn of night:
Arise, new sun! the sadness old
Flees from the morning light.

Fleet hours speed onward from the night;
The workmen follow soon:
Fade not from sight, O fair day's light,
Till uncreated Noon!

The music rendered was arranged with special reference to the notable dates in the history of the Maryland Mission and Province. The first period from the year 1634 to the year 1733, the period of missionaries, was represented by the song, "Across the wave our Fathers sail." The years 1773 to 1805, which formed a dark and foreboding period in the history of the Province, were appropriately typified in the verse commencing "Watchman through the dreary night." The years 1805 to 1833 and then to 1883, which ushered in the prosperous days of the Province, were represented by the last song, "Hearts sick with waiting long, behold."

At the conclusion of the exercises Solemn Benediction was celebrated, with Rev. J. E. Keller as Celebrant; Rev. W. F. Clarke, as Deacon; Rev. James Perron, as Sub-Deacon. The music at the Benediction was as follows: *O Quam dilecta*, Lambillotte; *Te Deum*, Gregorian; *Tantum Ergo*, Lambillotte; *Laudate*, Lambillotte.

This ended the formal exercises of the Jubilee celebration.

At two o'clock dinner was served in the refectory of the college, which had been decorated with banners filled with legends pertinent to the great celebration.

D. O. M.